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THE

WORKS

OF

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WITH LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A MEMOIR OF ROBERT A. SMITH,

THE MUSICAL COMPOSER,

BY PHILIP A. RAMSAY.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN:
A. FULLARTON AND CO.

1853.

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EDINBURGH
FULLARTON AND MACNAB, PRINTERS, LEITH WALK.

TO

TANNAHILL'S DISTINGUISHED TOWNSMAN,

JOHN WILSON, ESQ.,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

THE PRESENT EDITION

IS

(BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

The late William Motherwell had it in view to prepare a new Edition of the Poems and Songs of Tannahill, with an original Memoir of the Author; but his sudden death, just as he was about to address himself to the task, frustrated that intention. The present Editor, who long enjoyed Mr Motherwell's friendship, having had the use of all the papers collected by him for that purpose, and having procured many additional materials, now ventures to lay before the public a Work, which, he is deeply persuaded, would have been much more worthily edited by his lamented friend. Nevertheless, he may claim for this Edition the merit of being the most complete, and the most accurate, which has yet appeared. Some of the pieces which it contains are now printed for the first time; others have only had an occasional and limited circulation; and a third class has been restored from the first Edition. The whole have been carefully collated, either with the prior Editions, or with the other sources from which they were derived.

On the Memoir of the Author, much pains have been bestowed. Besides his Letters, it will be found to disclose many interesting particulars respecting his life and character, hitherto not generally known.

The Memoir of Smith will, it is hoped, be regarded as an appropriate portion of the volume. No

biographical notice of him has till now appeared, save those—necessarily imperfect and unsatisfactory—which were inserted in the fleeting columns of the newspapers at the time of his death. Such a tribute as is here offered is surely due to his memory. He was the familiar friend of Tannahill, and first became known to the world by the exquisite music which he composed or arranged for his songs. The names of the Musician and the Poet are, in the minds of their admirers—especially in the West of Scotland—indissolubly connected.

To many of the pieces the Editor has appended Notes, critical and illustrative. He has also compiled a Glossary, which will be found useful by those readers who are not acquainted with the Scottish dialect.

The Portrait of Tannahill has been engraved, expressly for this Edition, from a drawing which was taken by one of his acquaintances—Mr John Morton—the day after his death, and which has now undergone some slight alterations that were suggested by his friends, for the purpose of more closely bringing out the resemblance. No likeness was taken during his life.

The Vignette has been engraved from a painting made by Mr John C. Brown, of Glasgow, for this Edition. It represents scenery immortalized by the Bard, namely, 'the Braes o' Gleniffer,' the ruins of Stanley Castle, 'the birks o' Stanley Shaw,' the lowlands of Renfrewshire, and, in the distance, 'the lofty Ben Lomond.'

EDINBURGH,
February, 1838.

number of the Scots words had been altered to and printed in English.

In former editions the indices were either given in the order of paging or by a mixture of titles and first lines. To obviate the difficulty of discovering any given piece I have framed an alphabetical index of first lines, not only of this edition, but of all former editions. This has the advantage of shewing the several pieces which have been printed in each edition, and also the page where each piece has occurred in the various editions.

Having obtained valuable information, and discovered important facts concerning the Poet and his family from reliable sources and authentic documents, I have written the full and complete events of his life as they occurred in strict chronological order. These facts have justified me in placing the Bard in the elevated position which he ought always to have occupied.

The poems and songs have been numbered and collected into kindred groups. The Scots words being softer and more phonetically written than the English, the pronounciation and the sense of the subject will assist an English reader in understanding them without referring to the Glossary. A few of the titles of the ɔngs have been altered.

Several missing stanzas, unpublished and unedited .eces have been discovered, and will be found at the nd of the songs.

Having been successful in recovering a large number

of TANNAHILL's letters, I considered it better that they should form a special department along with the extracts from correspondence published by former Editors. The whole are placed in chronological order. This new and important feature will, I trust, recommend itself to the admirers of the Bard.

Brief sketches of the Drawer of TANNAHILL's likeness and former Editors of his works will be found in the Appendix, and also accounts of the institution of the TANNAHILL Club in 1858, the Erection of a Monumental Tombstone in 1867, the Fixing of a Tablet of his Birth in 1872, and the proceedings at the Centenary in 1874. A complete Glossary of Scots Words is appended.

A copious Index is given at the end of the volume, enabling readers at once to put their finger upon any particular place in the volume.

I have now specially to refer to the note to the song "Thro Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's," page 233, giving the descent of His Royal Highness Prince Leopold from the heroine of the song, the beautiful Marie Queen of Scots. On the occasion of His Royal Highness visiting Paisley, when the guest of Colonel Campbell of Blythswood, I sent two copies of the page containing the note to the gallant Colonel, who wrote me on 30th September, 1875, as follows:—"His Royal Highn. Prince Leopold, desires me to say that he was born o the 7th, not the 14th April, as in your printed extract. I have now most cordially to tender my best thanks

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John Morton

John Smith

Robt Tannahill.

A. Fullarton & Co London & Edinburgh

MAP OF THE LAND OF TANNAHILL.

GUIDE TO GLENIFFER BRAES.

The foregoing map, embracing portions of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, was prepared for the benefit of visitors visiting the Land of TANNAHILL and the classic Braes of Gleniffer. These braes were the ancient forest of Paisley—the hunting ground of the Stewarts, Barons of the Barony of Renfrew, afterwards called Paisley Braes, and now, in one of the sweetest songs of the lyric poet, "The Braes o Gleniffer."

The map extends east and west a length of 17 miles—from "Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's" in the Abbey Parish of Paisley, to the lands of Boghall in the Parish of Beith, which formerly belonged to the poet's grandfather, and the scene of the song, "Oh! are ye sleepin, Maggie," and south and north a breadth of 8 miles, from Neilston to Kilbarchan, two villages where the poet had kind and blythe friends whom he often visited.

Visitors, on arriving at the Cross or Market Place of Paisley, should proceed down Saint Mirin Street and up to the head of Causeyside where the road divides,—the one to the *left*, marked on the map No. 1, in ancient times leading to the *furyness* (Fereneze), and the other to the *right*, marked No. 2, leading to the *louchlybosyde* (Loch Libo side).

I. They may take the *Neilston Road* on the *left*, marked No. 1, passing through Neilston Street, Lylesland, Dovesland, Carriagehill, Colinslie, Potterhill, and Thornley, turning to the *right*, into the *Glen Road*, marked No. 6, and they will soon arrive at Glenfield, belonging to William Fulton, Esq. of Glen,—one of the loveliest spots a person can visit. A picturesque path leads to the WELL,—which the late Mr. Fulton named "Tannahill Well," after the Poet,—the cascade of Craigie Linn, and the Braes, on the elevated summit of which a magnificent panoramic view of the country, embracing seven counties, will be obtained. This is where the great demonstration proceedings were held on the Poet's Centennial Birth-Day celebration. Proceeding westward along the road, No. 6, skirting the Braes of Gleniffer, they will enter the *Corsebar Road*, marked No. 3, at Nethercraigs, opposite the Stanely Road.

II. Or they may take the *Calside Road*, marked No. 2, at the head of Causeyside, through Calside Street, past Fairhill, until the division of the road,—the road to the *left* being a continuation of road No. 2, and the East Corsebar Road to the *right*, marked No. 3. They may either continue along No. 2, passing the Brodie Public Park and Blackland Mill, where the road divides again,—the one to the *left*, *Braehead Road*, being still a continuation of No. 2 (which crosses No. 6), thence to Braehead,—or take the *West Blackland Road* to the *right*, marked No. 4, which merges in No. 3 at the Corsebar Toll.

III. Or they may take the *East Corsebar Road* on the *right*, marked No. 3, which is better; through that road, passing Corsebar Curling Pond and the Paisley Water Works direct to the Glen of Gleniffer, which they will see marked on the map. This road, passing "the bonnie wee well on the breist o the brae," leads to the Peesweep Inn, and goes round by the Craigenfeoch Road to the Thorn, marked No. 11, famed for its varying scenery.

IV. Or they may proceed from the Cross along High Street to Broomlands Street, down Maxwelton Street to Maxwelton Road, turn to the *left* into *West Corsebar Road*, marked No. 5, passing the Burgh Asylum, till it merges in No. 3, near the Corsebar Toll.

V. Or they may take the *Brediland Road*, marked No. 7, leading off Maxwelton Road across "Tannahill Bridge," passing Loundsdale, into *Leitchland Roads*, marked Nos. 8 and 9, merging in the Alt Patrick Road, No. 10.

VI. Or they may take the *Fulbar* or *Chain Road*, marked No. 9, leading off the Beith road at the west end of Millarston, which merges in No. 10 at Low Bardrain.

VII. Or they may take the *Alt Patrick Road*, marked No. 10, leading off

the Beith road at Scl[illegible]s, near Elderslie. This road leads to the "*Dusky Glen*" and "*Glenfe[illegible]h*," and the other scenery of Alt Patrick Burn,—the scene of the "Sidier's Return." The road passes Foxbar and Stanely Castle "wi it' auld turrets" by the *Stanely Road*, also marked No. 10, merging in No. 3 opposite the west end of the Glen Road, No. 6.

VIII Or they may take the *Craigenfeoch Road*, marked No. 11, leading off the Beith road near Thorn, past Craigenfeoch and Craigmuir, merging in No. 3 at the Peesweep Inn. Craigenfeoch,—Gaelic, *The Rock of the Raven*,—from which a splendid view of Strathgryffe is obtained.

"Glenkilloch" will be found on the south side of the Map among Fereneze Braes. "Fairy Woodside," "Sweet Ferguslie," and "Bonnie Wood o Craigielee," nestling on the north-west side of Paisley; and "Calderglen," "Balgreen" ("The Echoes o Bowgreen"), and "Langcraft" (which belonged to the Poet's granduncle), will be seen in the far west above Lochwinnoch, and "Overton Braes," near Beith, where "Dear Will" resided.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT TANNAHILL.

A. Fullarton & Cº. London & Edinburgh

MEMOIR OF TANNAHILL.

The surname of Tannahill is local, being chiefly confined to the counties of Ayr, Renfrew, and Lanark. Even there it is of rare occurrence. Yet it has some pretensions to antiquity. Thus in the borough records of Glasgow, an "Alexander Tannochill" is mentioned, as one of three persons to whom a sum of money was paid "for keiping of the stepill" in the year 1578.* And in a deed of investiture in some lands in Ayrshire, in favour of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, dated in 1620, there appears as a witness "Robert Tonnochhill in Monkland."† Moreover, in the borough records of Paisley we find this entry:—"25th December, 1648. Quhilk day it is appointed that the schoole sall be visited betwixt and Candlemeis nixt, and the abilitie of Johne Tannahill tryed, and if he be not fund able to be doctor and teache ane musick schoole, that another be provydit for." In the public records, too, we have observed mention made of a place called "Tannockhill," under the date 1662.‡ Apparently,

* Borough Records of Glasgow from 1573 to 1581, printed 1832—a contribution to the Maitland Club by John Smith, Youngest, Esq.

† Protocol of Robert Brown, Notary-public, from 1616 to 1620, in the hands of James Dobie, Esq., Beith.

‡ Oct. 7th, 1662, Retour of the Service of James Reid in Tannockhill, as heir of his father, in the lands of Dalquhrain:

all these names are identical, and are mere enlargements of Tannock, which boasts a still higher antiquity. For so far back as 1367–8, a safe conduct was granted by Edward the Third, for several Scotch merchants to pass through England on business, and among the names is "Adam Tunnock," who is allowed to travel with one servant and two horses.* Near our own day, "auld Nanse Tannock," Burns' hostess at Mauchline, will occur to the reader. And at page 120 of this volume, an artist who bears that surname, is honourably noticed.—But enough of these researches.

About the middle of the last century, when Paisley was rising into importance by its manufactures, four brothers named Tannahill, natives of Kilmarnock, settled in the former place as weavers of silk gauze. By and by, and before the breaking out of the war with the American colonies, the two youngest emigrated to the State of New York, where, and in the adjacent countries, many of their descendants are to be found. The other two remained in Paisley. In 1762 James, the oldest brother, was married to Janet Pollock, daughter of Matthew Pollock of Bognall, near Beith, in Ayrshire, one of the numerous small proprietors, or *bonnet-lairds*, who cultivate their own ground in that district. They had a family of six sons and one daughter. Our author, Robert Tannahill, was their fourth child, and was born in Paisley on the 3d of June, 1774. Both parents were much respected for their intelligence and worth: the mother, in particular, was possessed of great natural talent, and was remarkable, in her humble sphere, for the extent of her information. A considerable portion of her early life was passed under the roof of her uncle, Hugh Brodie of Langcraft, a neighbouring laird, who enjoyed a provincial celebrity as a rhymer, and one of whose effusions—"a Speech in verse

Vol. I. of Abbreviates of Retours, printed in 1811 by the Royal command; *voce*, Special Retours for Ayrshire.

* Rotuli Scotiæ, p. 919.

upon Husbandry"—appears in Semple's Continuation of Crawfurd's History of Renfrewshire, p. 116.

As with the generality of people of his rank, the poet's education was limited to reading, writing, and accounts. At an early age he was sent to the loom,—then a profitable calling,—at which he distinguished himself by his industry. But he did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. By reading and study, he strove to atone for his defective education,—with what success is apparent, not only from his compositions in verse, but also from his prose correspondence, now for the first time published.

He very soon began to write verses; and although he did not literally "lisp in numbers," his surviving companions still dwell with pleasure on the rhymes with which, while yet a boy, he was wont to amuse them. As he grew up, he became known among his townsmen for this gift, and was at length induced to become an occasional contributor to some of the Glasgow newspapers. The first of his productions which appeared in print, was an immature set of verses, in praise of one of his favourite haunts,—Ferguslie wood. These his better taste rejected when he came to publish.

He was possessed of a correct musical ear, and played well on the German flute. His favourite pursuit was to recover old or neglected airs, and unite them to appropriate words. The airs he hummed over while plying the shuttle, and as the words arose in his mind, he jotted them down at a rude desk which he had attached to his loom, and which he could use without rising from his seat. Thus did he contrive to relieve the monotonous dulness of his daily occupation, by combining with it the exercise of his more gentle craft,—weaving threads and verses alternately.*

* Shakspeare makes Falstaff exclaim: "I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs;" in commenting on which, Dr Johnson, with obvious truth, says: "I believe nothing

During a considerable portion of Tannahill's early life, there resided in Paisley, following the same vocation, an individual who was destined to establish for himself a much wider reputation than his less enterprising townsman. This was Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist of America. It has often occurred to us, as an interesting subject for inquiry, whether these kindred spirits were personally acquainted. Circumstances, and the information which we have procured, lead to the conclusion that they were not. At the time of Wilson's emigration, Tannahill was only twenty years of age, and indeed, "a youth to fame unknown," while Wilson was eight years older, and had acquired considerable celebrity by his poetical productions. Retiring and unobtrusive, it is improbable that our bard would seek the acquaintance of his fervid townsman; and the lines which he wrote on Wilson's emigration to America, some years after that event, contain no expressions indicative of personal attachment, but breathe only regret at his departure, and sympathy with his adverse fate.

The days of Tannahill passed away till his six-and-twentieth year, without any change in his circumstances. He had no desire to raise himself in the world, but contentedly remained at the loom. To this period of his life is to be referred the only love passage in which he was engaged. A glowing and exaggerated account of it has been given in a little biographical sketch, of very limited circulation, published anonymously by one of his friends not long after his death.* At first his addresses were received with a favourable ear. Ere long, however, the object of his affections betrayed an inclination to follow the example of "the fair Imogene," and like her to

more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom."

* Paisley, John Neilson, 1815. 18mo. pp. 40.

——————" bestow
On a wealthier suitor her hand."

"The pride of the bard," we are told, "was stung, and spoke in loud and angry reproach. The fair began to relent, but it was too late. The vulture, Jealousy, had fixed her talons so firmly in the injured lover's heart, that promises were vain, and repentance useless." In the elegant verses beginning with

"Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
Of being false to thee,"

he bade the fickle one farewell, and he remained a bachelor for life.

In the year 1800, actuated by a desire to see something of the world, and in accordance with a practice not then uncommon amongst their townsmen, Tannahill, and one of his younger brothers, (Hugh,) removed to Lancashire. Hugh found suitable employment at Preston, while Robert went forward to Bolton, where he fixed his abode. The brothers, who were warmly attached to each other, often met during their sojourn in that country, and kept up a constant correspondence with their parents. One would have thought, that, on the rich and varied scenery of merry England, our poet, whose forte lay in delineating the beauties of nature, would have been delighted to expatiate. But it is remarkable that in none of his productions, save two of a satirical nature, one of which we have reprinted,* is there to be found the slightest allusion to the country, or to the manners of the people amongst whom he dwelt. There, however, he was known as a poet, and his songs were listened to with applause. After remaining in England for two years, the brothers received intelligence

* "A Lesson," p. 175. The other lines alluded to, which appeared in the first edition only, are "On a country Justice in the South."

that the health of their father was rapidly declining, and that, like the patriarch of old, he was desirous to have all his children around him ere he died. They hurried home, and arrived in time to receive his dying blessing.

Soon after his return to Paisley, we find Tannahill thus expressing himself, in a letter dated 14th March, 1802, written to William Kibble, an intimate Scotch friend, resident in Bolton: "Alek, poor Alek, is gone to his long home! It was to me like an electric shock. Well, he was a good man; his memory shall be dear, and his worth had in remembrance, by all who knew him. Death, like a thief, nips off our friends, kindred, and acquaintances, one by one, till the natural chain is broken, link after link, and leaves us scarce a wish to stop behind them. My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home, with our old mother, bending under age and frailty, and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together. (I still moralise sometimes.) I cannot but remember that such things were, and those most dear to me."

By and by, Hugh having married, Robert alone was left with his widowed mother, and in the fulness of his heart wrote 'The Filial Vow,'* which he faithfully kept. No trait in our author's character is more calculated to interest the reader in his favour, than the unwearied regard which he displayed for the welfare of his surviving parent. She outlived him thirteen years, having died in 1823, at an advanced age. It is gratifying to know, that the attentions of which she was deprived by his death were amply supplied by her surviving children.

Again settled in his native place, Tannahill resumed his labours at the loom. More than once he had it in his power to become foreman, or overseer, in a manufacturing establishment; but he preferred remaining at an occupation, which, while it secured a sufficiency for his wants,

* P. 167.

left his time more at his own disposal. In plying the shuttle,—in the composition of verses,—in the society of a few friends of congenial tastes,—and in straying amidst the beautiful scenery which surrounds his native town,—his days passed peacefully away. Contentment with his humble lot, and regardlessness of preferment, are well expressed in these lines:

> "Though humble my lot, not ignoble's my state,
> Let me still be contented though poor;
> What Destiny brings, be resigned to my fate,
> Though Misfortune should knock at my door.
> I care not for honour, preferment, nor wealth,
> Nor the titles that affluence yields,
> While blithely I roam, in the heyday of health,
> 'Midst the charms of my dear native fields." *

About this period of his life, Tannahill made the acquaintance of an individual, with whom his name was destined to become indissolubly connected. This was the late Robert Archibald Smith, the musical composer, who had about that time settled there, and of whom a separate Memoir is subjoined. "My first introduction to Tannahill," says Smith, "was in consequence of hearing his song, 'Blithe was the time,' sung, while it was yet in manuscript. I was so much struck with the beauty and natural simplicity of the language, that I found means, shortly afterwards, of being introduced to its author. The acquaintance thus formed between us, gradually ripened into a warm and steady friendship, that was never interrupted in a single instance, till his lamented death." . . . . "For several years previous to his death, we commonly spent the Saturday afternoons by a walk to the country; but if the badness of the weather prevented us from enjoying this weekly recreation, the afternoon was passed in my room, reading, and reviewing, what pieces he

* See this song, p. 61.

had composed through the week, or if I had any new music, I played, or sung it over to him."*

Some of our author's songs having been set to original and appropriate music by Smith, and Ross of Aberdeen, they attained an extensive popularity. The fame of the "obscure, verse-making weaver," (as he styles himself in a letter to a friend,) now reached London, and about the year 1805, having been requested to become a contributor to a leading metropolitan magazine, he wrote for it, 'The Braes of Gleniffer,' the 'Ode to Sincerity,' the 'Dirge,' and the 'Portrait of Guilt.' Encouraged by his success, he collected his poems and songs into a volume, which appeared in 1807. The impression consisted of 900 copies, which were disposed of in a few weeks. In a modest advertisement prefixed to that edition, he thus expressed himself: "The author of the following poems, from a hope that they possess some little merit, has ventured to publish them; yet, fully sensible of that blinding partiality with which writers are apt to view their own productions, he offers them to the public with unfeigned diffidence. When the man of taste and discrimination reads them, he will no doubt find many passages that might have been better, but his censures may be qualified with the remembrance, that they are the effusions of an unlettered mechanic, whose hopes, as a poet, extend no farther, than to be reckoned respectable among the minor bards of his country." Of these hopes, he had an ample realization; for his songs attained, among all classes, a degree of popularity, which had been reached by none since the days of Burns. He could scarcely enter a company met for amusement, without hearing one of them sung. But of all the proofs of their popularity, he often declared, that the most grateful to his feelings was, the

* Extract from a communication made by Smith to the author of the Essay prefixed to 'The Harp of Renfrewshire,' and there inserted, p. xxxiv.

having his musings interrupted, during a solitary walk, by the voice of a country girl, in an adjoining field, whom he overheard singing by herself, a song of his own,—'We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side.' In a similar strain, we find him thus expressing himself, in a letter to a friend: "Perhaps, the highest pleasure ever I derived from these things, has been in hearing, as I walked down the pavement at night, a girl within doors, rattling away at some one of them."* Such tributes as these are akin to quoting an author, which we have great authority for holding as the highest compliment that can be paid to him.†

With several acquaintances who lived at a distance, Tannahill kept up a regular correspondence. Having had an opportunity of perusing some of his letters, we shall intersperse extracts from them, throughout the subsequent part of this narrative. Although the reader will not find, in these simple epistles, any portion of the originality and vigour of Burns, or of the elegance, the "grace beyond the reach of art," which pervades the letters of Cowper, he may, nevertheless, be gratified by their perusal, exhibiting as they do, better than any elaborate description can accomplish, the friendly and ingenuous disposition of the man. Our author's letters, like his poetry, are characterized by neatness, simplicity, and a total absence of pretence. "Fine-spun letter-writing," (as he says in one of them,) "has never been any part of my study." It argues much for the purity of his taste, that, in all his compositions, he avoided that ornate and grandiloquent style, which so many imperfectly educated poets seem to consider essential to good writing.

* Letter to James King, 10th Sept., 1809.

† "I remember," (says the excellent Hannah More, in a letter,) "that my dear old friend, Dr Johnson, once asked me, 'What was the greatest compliment you could pay to an author?' I replied, 'To quote him.' 'Thou art right, my child,' said he."

One of his most esteemed correspondents was James Clark, a person of considerable musical attainments, who was master of the band of the Argyleshire Militia. The following are extracts from a letter to Clark, dated Paisley, 20th September, 1807. "My dear friend, I received your very welcome letter, dated 19th July, and should have answered it ere now, but the truth is, I have been obliged to scribble so much of late, that writing any thing is become a real labour to me. However, that apathy is now beginning to wear off, and I promise you, that I will be more punctual in future.—I received the packet which you forwarded by Mr Donaldson, and am highly pleased with the kindness Mr Ross of Aberdeen has shown me; in all our dealings, he has used me like a gentleman. The music he has set to my songs, I think, is excellently suited to the words. Have you tried that to the 'Highland Plaid?' It stamps a value on the words, which they would by no means possess without it. Smith and Barr are well pleased with them. By the by, have you heard that Mr R. A.* is now precentor to our old church? Dr Boog sent for him about two months since, and he engaged with him for ten or twelve pounds per annum. Messrs Stuart, Cumming, and Lock, sit in his band. His employment in the teaching line has, as yet, scarcely come up to his wishes, but the proper season for it is just coming in. He has bespoke a room for it above the Cross, and is going to open a class for young ladies and gentlemen some of these nights. The influence of the Old Kirk gentry may be of use to him. Mr Ross has likewise set music to 'The Braes o' Gleniffer.' It does capitally; it is published by Hamilton in a very elegant style.—I was not a little sorry that I did not see you on the night before you left Paisley. However, at that time I

* By this abbreviation R. A. Smith was familiarly called by his friends.

was poorly, and even in your company would have been as flat as a flounder."—After giving his correspondent some local news, he says: "I will write you a little song on chance,—I don't know how it may please you: 'While the grey-pinioned lark,' &c.—Now, my dear friend, I hope you will not long deny me the pleasure of letting me hear from you. There are so many rubs in life, that we ought to make one another as comfortable as possible; and I assure you, that hearing from you frequently affords me much happiness. Give my best respects to my cousin, and to my friend Tom, and Mrs Buchanan; and rest assured, that among your numerous acquaintances, none esteems you more truly than your friend, R. T."

Another correspondent was James King, a soldier in the Renfrewshire Militia, then quartered in England. This old friend of the bard is still in life, and is the author of a number of poetical productions, which have occasionally appeared in the periodical publications of the day. His verses entitled 'Talavera,' written in 1809, in honour of that victory, went the round of the newspapers, and found a place in the Scots Magazine. Writing to King, on 2d November, 1807, he says: "Dear James, I received yours of the 22d September, in due time, and according to your wish, let your mother know that you were well. She called on me the other night, and wished that I would write to you directly, as she was very impatient to have a letter from you; (independent of that, I should have written a fortnight ago.) You are sensible of a mother's solicitude, and will not fail giving her that gratification.—Trade is remarkably low with us. Those who have their work continued are obliged to do it at pitifully low prices, and those who are thrown out of employment, can scarcely get the offer of any by calling through. Lappets 9^{qq} have been offered at three pence nett. However, people's minds are not yet damped so much as you have seen in former depressions.—I am obliged to you for sending the songs in your

last. 'Thou'rt fair, morning of May!' is a beautiful little ballad, but I would advise you to throw out the last verse, as the subject is quite complete without it; besides, being in five stanzas, it will not suit any double tune. In verse 4th, line 3d, instead of 'will retire,' I would prefer, 'is retired.' 'The morning trembles o'er the deep,' likewise pleases me very well. 'O why is thy hand so cold, love, possesses some merit, but I think it inferior to the others. In my opinion, your songs surpass your other productions, and I would advise you to apply yourself to that department of our favourite amusement, in preference to any other. Another thing which I beg leave to mention, and which always makes a song appear more masterly, is, to make the 1st and 3d lines of the verse to rhyme. In the old ballad style, it may be dispensed with, but in songs written in the idiom of the present day, it is expected, and reckoned not so well without it;—but you are already sensible of all that." . . . . "I am happy that the songs in my volume please you; but when you mention them as equalling Burns's, I am afraid that the partiality of friendship weighs a good deal in *that* decision. You have never mentioned the Interlude:* I suspect that, in general, it is reckoned not worth much.—I will now finish with some rhymes to you."—Here he copied the four first verses of 'The Queensferry boatie rows light.'—"I don't know any air that answers the above measure; let me hear whether you know any to it.—You will no doubt know 'Lord Moira's reel.' I have been trying verses to it, and will write you all that I was able to make of it."—After copying the words of the song, which subsequently became so popular, 'Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes,' he added: "I own, I am somewhat half-pleased with the above myself; but that is always the case when a piece

* 'The Soldier's Return,' a dramatic attempt of Tannahill's to be afterwards noticed.

is newly finished, and it must lie past sometime before we are capable of judging rightly how it may stand. Mention any defects you may see in it."

Of the enthusiasm with which he followed his favourite pursuit, the following letter to Clark, dated 28th May, 1808, affords a pleasing proof: "My dear friend, I hope you have been blessed with your usual share of good health, since I heard from you. I am now going to beg of you, as a very particular favour, that you would send me, as soon as you can, any fine Irish airs, of the singing kind, which you may chance to know. I don't mean any of those already very common, such as, 'The Lakes of Killarney,' 'Shannon's flowery banks,' &c. What makes me so importunate with you is, that if I can accomplish songs worthy of being attached to them, I shall have the pleasure of seeing them printed in, perhaps, the most respectable work of the kind that ever has been published in Britain. Now, dear Jamie, as this is placing me on my very soul's hobby, do try to oblige me. Should you favour me with any, they must be *rale* natives of the dear country, for I believe there are many imitations composed on this side of the water. I am sure I have heard some very pretty Irish airs played as retreats; try to recollect some of them." . . . .

The work to which our poet was so ambitious to become a contributor, was Mr George Thomson's Select Melodies. He had already begun to correspond with Mr Thomson on the subject, but his earlier letters to that gentleman have not been preserved. On 6th June, 1808, he sent to Mr Thomson the Irish air, 'The green woods of Treugh,' with words which he had written for it, accompanied by the following letter:—"Dear Sir, The above little air pleased me so much, that I could not help trying a verse to it. I believe it has never been published. It was taken down from an old Irish woman, singing a *native* song to it, which she said,

when rendered into English, was in praise of *the green woods of Treugh.* 'Tis in such a wild measure, that I could think of no other form of stanza to suit it. I shall be happy to hear whether you have ever before seen it.—With regard to Nancy Vernon, you may judge how sorry I was, on being assured by a friend, that my set of the air was incomplete. I thought, of course, that poor Sheelah was entirely lost, and have been earnestly trying to accommodate matters between them. I find that the last line but one of each of the verses must be repeated before they can agree together, and am thus obliged to write both the air and the song a second time, to show you how they now stand. The sides of many lakes and rivers are properly denominated *banks*, because being steep they really are so; but in my opinion, when a lake or river is bounded by low level ground, it would be improper to call its margins by that appellation. We never say, the banks of the sea, and I think the term proper enough when applied to any *bushy brae.* I think the first word in the line very bad, and have made a little alteration on it,—perhaps not much for the better. I was highly gratified, on finding that the song met your approbation, and again return you my warmest thanks for mentioning any thing that you may judge incongruous: we must first know our errors, before there can be a possibility of amending them."* After copying the air of Nancy Vernon, and the amended words, he thus proceeds:—"I have fallen in with several very fine Irish airs, but I fear they are already published. Inform me if you know the following; 'Kitty Tyrrell;' the 'Fair-hair'd Child;' or 'Patheen a Fuen.' The first of these I am quite in raptures with. If you have them not already, I shall send them in my next. Besides these, I

* He here alludes to the song, 'Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,' (p. 43,) and to some strictures which Mr Thomson had made on the first version of it.

have other two taken from memory, but I must have my most worthy musical friend, Mr Smith, to write them off correctly for me. He is just now poorly, and confined to his bed, else I would have sent them now. I have written to a very *tasty* cronie, who is in the Argyleshire Militia Band; I know he will gladly oblige me with any thing of the kind that he can procure. —In looking through my songs, I find the following English stanzas, which were written about four years ago on the death of a very beautiful young woman, who died of a consumption in her eighteenth summer. She was to have been wedded to a friend of mine; and sympathy for his grief at that melancholy event, gave rise to the present effusion. I am sorry to add, that the poor fellow ever since seems to be reckless of life, and regardless of every thing else than his bottle. I thought it might perhaps please you for 'O'Connell's Lament.'*—Now, my dear Sir, do not mistake me, nor think that I am forcing these things upon your hand. All that I wish is, that you may have them past you, so that when you come to make your selection, some of them may stand a chance of being among the chosen." . . . .

Two months afterwards (6th August, 1808,) he addressed Mr Thomson thus:—"Dear Sir, I was favoured with yours of the 16th ult., and am much obliged to you for your candid remarks on my last song. I am really ashamed of these bungled airs which I have sent you: not acquainted with the rules of transposition, and knowing very little of music, it was indeed presumption in me to think of writing them for you. Let my fondness to send you something of the kind plead my exculpation, and be so kind as consign them to the flames. I never was more ambitious to have a song to any air than to 'Kitty:' it is worthy of the best

* See the stanzas at page 57, commencing with, 'Responsive, ye woods, wing your echoes along.'

poetry that ever was penned: by your friendly suggestions I have done all in my power to accomplish one to it,—with what success, you must now determine. You are indeed '*fastidious*,' but not '*too*' much so. It is in great part owing to *that*, that Scotland can now with justice boast of, perhaps, the best collection of songs that ever was produced; and although I may at times pay as much deference to my own dear opinion, as ever fool did, yet to yours in these things, I shall ever most cheerfully submit. My highest gratification, next to the pleasure of composing a song, is to see it published in some respectable work; and if you think the present one will now stand for a place in yours, I shall gladly let it lie past, till convenient for you to publish; if otherwise, I perhaps will send it to some magazine, or give it to some one of the music sellers. As the first four lines of the concluding stanza correspond with the superstitions of the common people in Ireland, I thought proper to retain them. I beg leave to transcribe you the whole of the song."

Some farther correspondence took place, but none of our author's pieces were deemed suitable for Mr Thomson's collection. Nevertheless, he continued his quest after Irish airs, with all the ardour of a genuine knight-errant, as his letters abundantly show. For example, in writing to Clark, 24th November, 1808, he says: "I in due time received your very obliging letter, of date the 22d June, and must again cry you mercy for not acknowledging it sooner. The airs you favoured me with are quite such as I wanted. They were all new to me, except 'Cothuelan Treil,' which I had past me under the name of 'Kitty Tyrrel.' Being busied with other matters, I have not yet attempted songs to any of them, save the above, which, I am happy to say, has obtained the promise of a place in the work formerly mentioned; but as these things are best lying past till published in form, I have not given away one copy of any I have

written for it, which, indeed, are only other two. You mention the collection of O'Ferrol, and another, with the compositions of Carolan, &c. I believe I might find them on inquiry, but I would rather pick up any wild little straggler, such as 'Dermot,' which from their not being so common, have a greater chance of being noticed. You will doubly oblige me by endeavouring to procure one or two more of the above description." After giving some local news, he gaily says: "Remember me to James King by a hard slap on the left *shouther*, and three hearty shakes of the right hand, which kindness you will please set down to my account. I have no good news to tell you,—no, nor very bad ones neither; but concerning dear tobacco, dear whiskey, dear candles, dear every thing, the obliging bearer of this will inform you."

Between our author and his poetical friend King, a regular interchange of their productions was kept up, during the residence of the latter in England with his regiment. Tannahill's critical observations are always judicious. In a letter to King, (17th July, 1808,) he says: "Give me your severest remarks on the above songs. Every coof may say a thing is *capital*, *beautiful*, &c.; but I'd rather have the candid criticism of a man of taste than the incense of ten thousand fools." Again: (28th August,) "I am much obliged to you for your free criticisms on my last song, but I must assure you, I have never seen a line of Bloomfield's 'Highland Drover.' I was sensible of the two first lines of the last verse being similar to 'dark lours the night,' but I really think they are as much mine as Ossian's, MacPherson's, or any body's. However, if you think they will be found fault with, I shall inclose them with inverted commas. You mention 'scath'd oak,' as being nothing new. You are right; but because one writer may have said 'whistling wind,' 'dreary night,' 'gloomy winter,' and so on, is that enough to prevent

others ever after from using the same epithets? No; if one was thus bracketted, it would be impossible to write any thing at all. But by this time you are convinced, and I will drop it." On 4th June, 1809, he writes: "I hope your ode will be put to a better purpose than being used for match paper. I think you might easily polish it a little. 'Owen's Return,' is very well written; yet I think you might have given it a more pleasing cast, by making him come home 'before his locks were grey.' Besides, I am not sure of its being proper to give him a harp at all; it is such an unwieldy instrument, that the mind cannot easily suppose a soldier to be carrying one of them about with him." In the same letter Tannahill evinces his good feeling, by expressing himself in the following terms, of an unpublished, and now forgotten satire of his own: "I must entreat you to burn 'John M——'s Last Will.' I had no thought of its being in existence. I was surprised lately on seeing a person with a copy, which he lent me. He did not know of its being mine. I have burned it. Besides its being childishly low, John M—— is an industrious, peaceable, old man, and is no subject for ridicule."

Clark having now removed to Ayr, applied to Tannahill to write an ode, for an anniversary meeting of the Burns' Club in that favourite abode of the bard, whose birth they were about to celebrate. The answer, dated 17th December, 1809, ran thus:—"My dear friend, There is not a man in the world whom I would wish to oblige before yourself, and I am sorry that I cannot comply with your flattering proposal, that I should write an ode for your ensuing anniversary. A few days prior to the receipt of yours, Wylie was chosen for our next year's President, and in a moment of enthusiasm, I came under a promise to furnish him with something of that kind, for what he calls *his night*. I

shall attempt something;—however, I tremble when I think of it.* To do justice to the subject, would require the abilities of a Campbell, or a Scott, and I almost despair of being able to produce any thing half so good, as what has already been, by different hands, given to the public; besides, I know that the society are determined to have a blazing account of our meeting sent to some of the newspapers; of course, my rhymes are designed to be attached as a train to the dazzling luminary, or as a *lang wigle-waglin' tail to a callan's dragon*, [boy's kite.] We have clever fellows in the society,—men of genius, and college-bred,—but there seems to be a jealousy subsisting among them, or a fear of one another, which has prevented any account worthy of our former meetings from being given in print. I hope our next will be better.—Smith had the best concert on Tuesday night, both for performance and attendance, that ever I witnessed in this place; and who could tamely return all at once to *sowen-brods, and cauld seat-trees?*†—Allow me now to thank you for the music you sent me; except 'The Fair-haired Child,' all the airs are new to me. I have found a set of 'Peggy O'Leven' here, so you need not mind about it. —I was quite sensible that in the song I sent you, ['The Five Friends,' p. 78.] our most worthy friend Smith deserved something more than merely *musical* to be said of him; but the shortness of the stanza confined one so much, that I could not get my breath half out about any of you.—Let me hear from you soon; your happiness and welfare ever add to mine. I would send you some rhymes, but have not leisure at present to copy them. I remain, my dear friend, yours most faithfully, R. T."

* The ode which he wrote on this occasion for the Paisley club, will be found at p. 159.

† *Sowen-brod,* a board used by weavers, on which they put the *sowens,* or paste, used for stiffening the yarn: *seat-tree,* the wooden seat occupied by the weaver at the loom.

We have now arrived at the beginning of the year 1810. The monotonous and uneventful life of our poet was destined to be, ere long, cut short, in a manner which would be at all times startling, and which proves doubly so, when contrasted with its usual tenor. He became the victim of a morbid sensibility of mind, so often the fatal fruit of that singular combination of feeling, called the poetical temperament, which by turns so raises and depresses the minds of those on whom it has been conferred, that it often becomes more a curse than a blessing:—"They soar to heaven, or turn in vaulted hell," was the strong expression of one who suffered fearfully under its influence. (Burns.) Traces of this state of mind are to be found in Tannahill's writings, though it may have escaped observation in his lifetime. Thus in the 'Epistle to Scadlock,* written so early as 1804, we have the following unequivocal acknowledgment:

> "But ere a few short summers gae,
> Your friend will meet his kindred clay;
> For fell disease tugs at my breast
> To hurry me away."

Again, in a letter written in 1808, he says: "We are a set of capricious beings,—that dismal, melancholy mood, in which I wrote to you last, has considerably worn off. One of the causes of it was this:—A fellow who for a long time had lived with me upon the most intimate and friendly terms, took it into his dizzy pow, that he was advancing rapidly in the highway of fortune; he of course must drop all low company; he had the effrontery even to say it, and used me and others in such a way as led us to see that he considered us as belonging to that order. A kick-up, which we had on that account, threw me into a kind of fever for some days." In the following year he wrote thus to a friend who had neither given nor received

* P. 110.

offence: "Although we seldom see one another, I should be truly and deeply mortified to suspect that any neglect of mine had lessened me in your esteem. We sons of labour cannot square every thing to our mind, and every man has his fault."—This unhappy state of mind was aggravated by the weakness of his bodily frame. His constitution was never strong, and had a tendency to consumption, of which insidious disease his father, his sister, and three of his brothers had all died.

Other circumstances combined to depress his mind. Several of his printed pieces had been severely, and perhaps justly, censured, and he became convinced that his volume had been prematurely given to the world. Having resolved, therefore, to endeavour to establish more securely his character as a poet, he projected the publication, in a handsome form, of a volume of his songs with their melodies which he had collected. Smith promised to arrange them with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, and another friend (Andrew Blaikie,) offered to engrave the work on very liberal terms; but, ultimately, the intention of publishing in this form was abandoned, as being too expensive. He then prepared for the press, a new and carefully corrected edition of his poems and songs, the manuscript of which was sent to the late Mr Constable of Edinburgh. Unfortunately that enterprising publisher was in London at the time, and when written to on the subject, answered, that he had more new works on hand than he could undertake that season; accordingly the manuscript was returned.

This disappointment preyed heavily on the spirits of the unhappy Tannahill. But he was destined not to pass away from this earth, without receiving a tribute to his genius, which was alike honourable to himself and to the individual by whom it was conferred. We allude to a pilgrimage which the Ettrick Shepherd made to Paisley, in the spring of 1810, for the express purpose of enjoying

the fellowship of one, whose untutored mind, like his own, was gifted with the magic voice of song. They spent only one night in each other's company, and ere they parted, Tannahill convoyed the Shepherd on foot half way to Glasgow. It was a melancholy adieu our author gave him. He grasped his hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "Farewell! we shall never meet again! Farewell! I shall never see you more!"—a prediction which was too soon to be verified. In a letter to one of his friends,* he noticed this meeting with manifest pride. "We had a good deal of conversation over the poets of the day. He tells me he has been in company with Walter Scott, Hector MacNeil, Thomas Campbell, and others of our Scottish Worthies." This is the last letter but one which Tannahill is known to have written, and we shall give the conclusion of it, to show how strongly his ruling passion for the recovery of neglected airs influenced him, and how anxiously he attended to the comfort of his friends, till within a few weeks of his death. "I have not time at present to write you 'Gloomy Winter,' but will send it soon. Meantime, I will thank you for a few of the Welsh airs you mention, if you can easily procure them. And I must again enjoin you to write to your mother. Nothing in the world gives her greater pleasure than to hear of your welfare, and she is always very unhappy when you neglect writing to her for any length of time."

The melancholy to which Tannahill had been occasionally subject, now became deep and habitual. He evinced a proneness to imagine that his best friends were disposed to injure him, and a certain jealous fear of his claims to genius being impugned. These imaginary grievances were confided to his faithful adviser Smith, who found it impossible to convince him of the hallucination under which he

* To King, 1st April, 1810.

laboured. His eyes sank, his countenance became pale, and his body emaciated. The strange and incoherent texture of some poetical pieces which he wrote about this time, betrayed the state of his mind. In short, it became apparent that a breaking up of his mental and bodily powers was at hand. He now set himself to destroy all his manuscripts; not a scrap which he could possibly collect was allowed to escape the flames. This is the more to be regretted, since the corrections and additions he had made for a second edition of his works, and some unpublished pieces of much merit, all of which fell a prey to the flames, would have added greatly to his reputation. Such of his unpublished compositions as had been sent to correspondents, and could be recovered, have been inserted in the present, and in the other posthumous editions of his works. The first verses of some of those songs which were destroyed, he had inserted in a music-book, from which they have been transferred to the end of Part First of this volume, where they appear as Fragments.

About this time he sent to his intimate friend, the late Alexander Borland of Glasgow, a letter which very clearly shows the sadness of heart with which he was oppressed. "I am," he says, "an ungrateful wretch in not writing you before to-day. My conscience has been upbraiding me these ten days past, for delaying it. I hope this will find you, and your two Annies, all as well as I wish you. My spirits have been as dull and cheerless as winter's gloomiest days." He thus concludes: "What has the world to do with, or who cares (take the mass of mankind,) for the feelings of others? Am I right?—Happiness attend you. R. Tannahill."

Soon after, he visited the same friend in Glasgow. He complained of the insupportable misery of life, and displayed such proofs of mental derangement, that Borland considered it prudent to convey him back to Paisley, and apprize his relations of his condition. Apparently tran-

quillized, he retired to rest, and was left for the night, but suspicion having been excited in about an hour afterwards, it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived. Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning, the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of the tunnel of a neighbouring brook, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found. This sad catastrophe happened on the 17th of May, 1810, when he had only reached his thirty-sixth year.

Some biographers have asserted, that our author led a life of penury and privation, and to that cause his death has been attributed. So far from the assertion having any foundation, his means were always above his wants. Long before his death, he deposited twenty pounds in a bank, and when that event occurred, the money remained untouched. The house in which he resided with his mother was her own property, and she was not only herself comfortably situated, but was enabled, by indulging in little charities, to contribute to the comforts of others. Again, it has been insinuated, that he was the victim of intemperate habits. It cannot be denied that his celebrity as a song-writer led idle and frivolous persons to solicit his company, and that an adjournment to a tavern was frequently the result. Such intrusions he often bitterly regretted his want of fortitude to withstand. The facility of his nature, with perhaps some hankerings after praise, prevailed over his better judgment. The deviations from propriety into which he was sometimes led, produced the most agonising reflections. Excessive indulgence in liquor was alike repulsive to his feelings, and forbidden by the weakness of his frame. In a letter written a few months before his death, he says: "When at any time I have been led into it, I never felt so unhappy, so truly miserable in all my life: a social night passed in moderation is life to me, but the bestial roar of inebriation, I never could, nor ever shall be able to

bear."* And in one of his Epistles† he represents himself as sitting,

> 'Retir'd, disgusted, from the tavern roar,
> Where strong-lung'd Ignorance does highest soar,
> Where silly Ridicule is pass'd for Wit,
> And shallow Laughter takes her gaping fit.'

His lamentable end is mainly to be referred to that disease of mind, to which none can 'minister;' to that 'rooted sorrow,' which none can 'pluck from the memory,'—but wherein 'the patient must minister to himself.' If any should, notwithstanding, be disposed to judge harshly of the humble bard, we would remind them that the gigantic mind of Johnson himself was not unfrequently overborne by the workings of the same morbid feeling; and that, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, on more occasions than one, the amiable and highly-gifted Cowper would, by his own confession, have fallen under its influence.—"He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone."

The character and manners of Tannahill may be read in his works. Blameless in his life, modest and unassuming in his demeanour, warmly attached to his own home, kindred, and friends, with a mind quite transparent and unsophisticated, and a disposition tender and humane,—we need not be surprised on finding how affectionately his memory is still, at the distance of nearly thirty years, cherished by his surviving acquaintances. In stature he was rather under the middle size. His hair was light brown, his eyes were grey; his features had a contemplative and pleasing expression. His appearance was not indicative of superior endowment. In mixed company he was bashful and taciturn, seldom joining in general conversation, but was apt to get into an interesting discussion with the person who sat next to him. He was but rarely known to utter a joke, and we

* To King, 12th November, 1809. † To Borland, p. 114

are not to look to him for flashes of wit, or lively repartee. Among intimate friends he was communicative and unreserved, and often expressed himself with felicity, especially when his feelings were excited by any tale of wo,—any act of meanness or oppression. He was very averse to hold intercourse with people in the higher walks of life, his ignorance of the world leading him to suppose that from them nothing but cold formality and repulsive pride were to be experienced. His friend Smith, who knew better, contrived in one instance to inveigle him to a dinner at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, where, under the combined influence of the music, the affability of the ladies, and the easy deportment of his intelligent host, the prejudices of the poet were gradually dispelled.* In this unwillingness to mingle with his

* Smith's account of this affair is so good in its way, that we shall here transcribe it:—"Miss ——— of ——— was particularly fond of the Scottish melody, 'Lord Balgownie's Favourite,' and had expressed a wish to see it united to good poetry. I accordingly applied to my friend, who produced his song, 'Gloomy winter's now awa,' in a few days. As soon as I had arranged the air, with symphonies and accompaniment for the piano forte, I waited on the lady, who was much delighted with the verses, and begged of me to invite the author to take a walk with me to the house at any leisure time. I knew that it would be almost impossible to prevail on Robert to allow himself to be introduced by fair means, so, for once, I made use of the only alternative in my power, by beguiling him thither during our first Saturday's ramble, under the pretence of being obliged to call with some music I had with me for the ladies. This, however, could not be effected, till I had promised not to make him known, in case any of the family came to the door; but how great was his astonishment, when Miss ——— came forward to invite him into the house by name! I shall never forget the awkwardness with which he accompanied us to the music room. He sat as it were quite petrified, till the magic of the music, and the great affability of the ladies, reconciled him to his situation. In a short time Mr ——— came in, was introduced to his visitor in due form, and with that goodness of heart, and simplicity of manner, for which he is so deservedly esteemed by all who have the pleasure of knowing him, chatted with his guest till nearly

superiors, may be discovered the cardinal defect of his character. By associating only with acquaintances of his own narrow circle, where he was regarded as an oracle, he never had it in his power to acquire any knowledge of the world, or the world's ways. Had he not exhibited such an antipathy to the society of his superiors in point of rank, information, and learning, he might have enjoyed opportunities for correcting the defects of his education, expanding his views, and strengthening his powers of expression. When writing to one of his correspondents about the first edition of his works, we find him thus expressing himself: "I hate dependence on printers, paper-folks, or any body. On inquiry, they found I was poor. Nothing could be done without I found security. That was easily procured: *then*, they were most happy to serve me in any thing I wanted. 'Tis the way of the world! Self-interest is the ruling passion. Merit might pine in obscurity for ever, if Pride, or Interest, for their own gratification, were not to hand the lone sufferer into public notice."* This is a notable instance of his ignorance of the laws which regulate the business of the world,

dinner time, when Robert again became terribly uneasy, as Mr ——— insisted on our staying to dine with the family. Many a rueful look was cast to me, and many an excuse was made to get away, but, alas! there was no escaping with a good grace, and finding that I was little inclined to understand his signals, the kind request was at length reluctantly complied with. . . . After a cheerful glass or two, the restraint he was under gradually wore away, and he became tolerably communicative. I believe that when we left the mansion, the poet entertained very different sentiments from those with which he had entered it. He had formed an opinion that nothing, save distant pride, and cold formality, was to be met with from people in the higher walks of life, but on experiencing the very reverse of his imaginings, he was quite delighted, and when Mr ———'s name happened to be mentioned in his hearing afterwards, it generally called forth expressions of respect and admiration."—*Harp of Renfrewshire, p.* xxxiv.

* Letter to Kibble, 11th April, 1807.

combined with morbidness of feeling. A little cool reflection might have convinced him that tradesmen could not be expected to run any risk for one in whom they were not particularly interested, and whose merits, as an author, were at that time only partially recognised.

Such are the short and simple annals of Robert Tannahill. With a few observations on the character of his writings, we shall conclude the Memoir.

His Miscellaneous Pieces, which are mostly occasional, are of various degrees of merit. They do not interest the reader so much as he seems to have expected; yet they display throughout, benevolence of affection, and sensibility to the charms of rural scenery; they contain, also, not a few judicious moral reflections. In these productions his defects of style are chiefly to be found. The most obvious are, the too frequent use of the figure of personification; such false quantities as practi'se, mainte'nance, litera'ture; and a fondness for harsh and unusual compounds, such as fate-scourg'd, clump-lodg'd, whim-fed. He once attempted dramatic composition, but this, the most ambitious of his efforts, was unsuccessful, and the criticism to which it was subjected annoyed him much. We allude to 'The Soldier's Return, a Scottish Interlude, in two Acts,' which was published in the first edition of his Poems, but was omitted in most of the subsequent ones; neither has it been inserted in the present.* The moral of the piece was good, but the plot was commonplace, and the execution indifferent. In all his writings, however, he avoided the error fallen into by the generality of that swarm of poetasters, whom the brilliant success of Burns called into ephemeral existence,—the mistaking

* We have, however, preserved the songs which it contained. These are, 'Langsyne, beside the woodland burn;' 'Yon burnside;' 'O lassie, will ye tak' a man;' 'Our bonny Scotch lads;' 'From the rude bustling camp;' and, 'The dear Highland laddie, O.

vulgarity for simplicity, which is as much removed from vulgarity on the one hand, as from affected point and puerile conceit on the other. It is chiefly for his Songs, then, that the name of Tannahill will be held in honourable remembrance. Although in point of vigour, originality, and humour, he is not to be put in comparison with the great master of the lyre just named, he was possessed of other qualities which the world has recognised as being, within their sphere, equally attractive. The most prominent of these are his fine and discriminating pictures of the Scottish landscape, and the Scottish peasantry. The singular fidelity and minuteness of his descriptions, prove that they were not mere poetical imaginings, but that he had found and studied them for himself in nature,—amidst the scenery, and in the society, of his own neighbourhood. For this striking quality,—for tenderness,—for delicacy and winning artlessness of expression,—and for skilful adaptation of words to re-echo the airs to which they are sung, he will ever hold a conspicuous place amidst the numerous band of his country's Minstrels. His strains are regarded with equal delight in hall and in cottage,—by the man of cultivated mind, as much as by the unlettered peasant;—and this we look upon as the truest test of their excellence.

MEMOIR OF SMITH.

For inserting in this volume a biographical account of Smith, satisfactory reasons have, it is believed, been assigned in the Prefatory Notice.

Robert Archibald Smith was born in Reading,* the capital of Berkshire, on the 16th of November, 1780.† His father, Robert Smith, who was a native of East Kilbride, near Glasgow, settled in Reading in 1774. He had previously been a silk-weaver in Paisley, but an extreme depression of business happening at that time, he, and many more of his fellow workmen, removed to England, where they had better prospects of carrying on their trade successfully. About a year and a half after he had taken up his abode in Reading, he married Ann Whitcher, a young woman of respectable connections, who, on the death of an uncle, succeeded to some property, of inconsiderable value. Besides this, Mrs Smith was left, through the friendship of two maiden ladies, the interest of a small sum in the funds, the principal being to devolve at her death on the subject of this Memoir. He was the second, and only surviving child of the marriage, an elder brother having died in infancy.

* Reading was also the birthplace of the late Sir John Soane, the architect, and of Sergeant Talfourd.

† This date is given on the authority of a memorandum in his own handwriting, on the frame of his likeness in his widow's possession,—painted in 1822.

At a very early period, Robert gave indications of his genius for music. Even before he renounced the frock and pinafore, he was noted for his performances on the rustic whistle made of the elder-bush, or, (as it is called in Scotland,) *bour-tree*. The whistle was soon supplanted by a small German flute, which in its turn yielded to the violin. On this instrument he played respectably at ten years of age, and his performances were thought so extraordinary, that even the child was courted and caressed by veteran amateur performers, and invited to their concerts. From being for many years self-taught, he acquired a habit of holding the violin in an awkward position, which in after life he was never able wholly to rectify.

Though the peculiar genius of Smith thus early developed itself, his father, not imagining that his musical talents would prove beneficial to him, farther than as an innocent and agreeable relaxation from labour, and the mania for "infant prodigies" not having then extended to the good town of Reading, at once placed him in his own workshop. At weaving, as may well be supposed, he proved a dull and unapt scholar. His father had often the mortification, after patiently expounding the initiatory mysteries of the craft, to find, on looking up to observe whether due attention had been paid to his instructions, that his pupil was intently occupied in scratching musical notes with a pin on the wooden frame-work of the loom, or on the long thin rods called *temples*, which stretch the web, rapt in a happy ignorance of all the skill that paternal solicitude had wasted on him. Both parents had a taste for music, and as their songs were the popular melodies of their respective countries, the young musician early imbibed a passion for those artless, but effective strains, which remarkably unfolded itself in his various compositions in after life. His ear was exceedingly acute, and his memory most tenacious. Even while a boy,

one of his principal amusements was to note down such musical passages as floated uppermost in his mind. To this early practice may probably be attributed the facility with which in after life he noted down traditional melodies, from the lips of uneducated songsters. As he grew up, he became a member of a church choir in Reading, and sometimes sang, and at other times performed sacred music on the flute or violin. He likewise joined the band of a regiment of volunteers, in which his first instrument was the flute, but latterly he played a second clarionet. Of the excursions he made with this band on the Thames during the evenings of summer, we have often heard our friend speak with rapture. They formed a sunny, and happy period in his youth, on which he loved to brood with unmingled delight. The calm twilight, the rippling of the gleaming waters, the delicious scenery on either bank of the silver Thames, and the soft music that ever and anon floated over the waters, were enjoyed by him with all the feelings of a poet; and these feelings he could clothe in language singularly felicitous, for by nature he was as much poet as musician, but music had the start of her sister in his mind, and kept it through life.

The dulness of silk-weaving in Paisley had, as already seen, induced the father to remove to England; and the same cause in Reading led him to return to Paisley, with his family, in the year 1800. There they betook themselves to the weaving of muslin. If the loom proved irksome to Robert in Reading, it gained no charms by its transplantation to Paisley. It was now doubly wearisome, totally unacquainted as he was with the management of a muslin web. One way or another, it became a source of perpetual annoyance to him. His mind could not be harnessed to the "seat-tree;" his spirits sank under his daily toil, and a deep melancholy made inroads on his health. Sincerely must he have sympathised in those "Groans

from the Loom,"* which were uttered in the same place, a few years previously, by one who was engaged in the same uncongenial occupation, but who, bursting away from its thraldom, lived to establish for himself an immortal name, as the Ornithologist of America. Smith passed some months in Paisley without forming a single intimacy. The manners of the people were unlike those of his associates in England; and, bashful, and retiring, he could make no advances towards fellowship, in a place where he was an utter stranger. About this period, his father, justly alarmed for his health, took an opportunity of introducing him one evening to a convivial party, where a number of young men, and some professional singers, were present, in the hope, that by mingling in company, and getting an opportunity to display his musical powers, the gloom of mind under which he suffered, might gradually be dissipated. On that occasion Smith sang his first song in Paisley. It was one of Shield's, in the opera of 'The Farmer,'—("Winds, softly tell my love;") and he sang it in a style so exquisitely sweet, that his hearers were charmed, and their hearty plaudits made him almost sink into the earth with confusion. In a short time the circle of his acquaintanceship increased, till it comprehended nearly all the professional and amateur musicians in the town and

* Deploring beside an old loom,
A weaver perplexed was laid,
And while a bad web was his theme
The breast-beam supported his head.

. . . . . .

What though I have patience to tie,
Till their numbers my temples o'erspread,
Whene'er the smooth tread I apply,
My shopmates deplore how I've sped.
Ah! Sandy, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy web and thy mounting resign;
Perhaps they may fall to a swain,
Whose patience is greater than thine.

Alexander Wilson's Poems.

neighbourhood. Even then his talents were unequivocal, and his knowledge of music very respectable; so much so, that his assistance was eagerly sought for at the concerts given in the district.

To the list of his intimate acquaintances Smith soon added the name of TANNAHILL;—but of this we have already spoken. It was in commemoration of a convivial meeting with Smith and other three kindred spirits that our poet carelessly threw into rhyme the song entitled 'The Five Friends,' in which he sketched off the former in these lines;—

> 'There is Rab frae the south, wi' his fiddle and his flute,
> I could list to his sangs till the starns fa' out.'

During Tannahill's life Smith composed original music for many of his songs, and various others he adapted and fitted with piano forte accompaniments. Through one of these ('Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane,') the name of Smith first became known to the world as a musical composer. That beautiful production ran through many editions, and spread far and wide the fame of the friends whose names were so happily united. "The air before us," said a critic of the day when reviewing the fourth edition,* "certainly has no common claim to general admiration. The descant consists throughout of the most graceful and euphonious intervals, and the cadence at the words 'the flow'r o' Dumblane,' is remarkably beautiful and happy. It is singular that a similar fall of a 4th rising thence into the tonic chord is to be found at the commencement of a 'Kyrie' by the immortal Mozart, which it is very unlikely that our author should have known, being in manuscript, and very scarce. . . . . The whole melody is contained in the space of eleven notes in diatonic scale, and proceeds in intervals, never exceeding a 4th, and

* European Magazine for January, 1816.

abounding in 2ds and 3ds, the most proximate distances; they are all managed with the utmost *skill of simplicity.* and we shall not easily find a more evident proof of the truth that *Artis est celare artem.*"

Having now become domesticated in Paisley, Smith was, in 1802, married to Mary MacNicol, daughter of a respectable individual in the island of Arran.

About the renewal of the war in 1803, he became a member of the band of the second regiment of volunteers, which was better known in the district by the apparently unwarlike epithet of '*The Gentle Corps;*' we say *apparently*, for in truth the epithet was merely intended to express the rank in life of the most of the members, and did by no means imply any insinuation against their military hardihood. Ultimately, however, playing on wind instruments having proved prejudicial to his health, he was constrained to retire from the band and fall into the ranks. For this corps he composed a number of spirited marches and quick steps. A similar good office he performed about sixteen years afterwards for the Bugle band of the volunteer Rifle corps.

He now commenced teaching music,—an employment that harmonized with his feelings, and allowed him leisure to study more perfectly the principles of the science he endeavoured to communicate to others. The first song he composed, ('O bonny was yon rosy brier,') was published anonymously, as was likewise the music which he about the same time set to the song written by Burns' oldest son, 'Hae ye seen in the calm dewy morning?'

In 1807 he was appointed precentor in the Abbey Church. For a considerable time the sensitiveness of his mind rendered the appearing in that capacity before a whole congregation a source of painful uneasiness and restraint. Custom, however, in a great measure reconciled him to this. A band was formed, and, under his judicious management, soft singing having been substituted for what

was harsh and noisy,—feeling and expression for drawling monotony, it soon became a choir surpassed by none in any of our Presbyterian churches. For this appointment he was chiefly indebted to the late Dr Boog, the venerable senior minister of the Abbey parish, who being himself passionately fond of music, soon discovered his merits, and became one of his earliest patrons and friends. By that excellent individual Smith was introduced to the late Dr Young, minister of Erskine, who was distinguished for his profound and scientific knowledge of harmony, and from whom he derived great assistance in the studies to which he earnestly and incessantly applied himself.

The fame of Smith was now steadily on the increase. In 1810 he published 'Devotional Music, original and selected, arranged mostly in four parts, with a thorough bass for the organ or piano forte.' In this little work no less than twenty-one pieces are original, and several of these are of great excellence.—In 1817, a public performance of sacred music took place under his superintendence, in the Abbey Church; and, encouraged by its success, another was given in the following year. These performances, from their novelty in that quarter, and the skill and taste of the conductor, attracted much notice at the time, and afforded high gratification to all who have a taste for the sublime music of devotion.—In 1819 he published 'Anthems in four vocal parts, with an accompaniment for the organ or piano forte,—the words selected from the prose version of the Book of Psalms,'—a splendid monument of his genius, and one held in deserved esteem by every lover of sacred harmony.

He next undertook his great work, 'The Scottish Minstrel,' which was published in six volumes at intervals, from 1821 to 1824. This collection, which comprises every Scottish melody worth preserving, reflects the highest credit on the judgment and industry of its editor. Each volume contains upwards of a hundred airs, and

consequently the amount of the whole is much above six hundred. "Besides the songs familiar to every Caledonian," it is said by him in the preface, "many hitherto unpublished will be found in this collection, which we doubt not will be highly relished by those who prefer the simple breathings of nature, to the laboured combinations of art. Not a few of these wild flowers have been gathered from the peasantry of our country. Several of them, from their extreme simplicity, and the scale from which they are framed, must satisfy every one acquainted with the characteristics of Scottish music, that they are compositions of Minstrels of a remote age. Many of the Jacobite songs and airs were taken from the lips of auld kimmers and carles, whose bluid yet warms at the remembrance o' Prince Charlie." "According to the plan of this work," it is added, "several airs have been arranged to the simple stanzas of olden time, in preference to the more polished verse of modern days: for this we need make no apology to him who feels that

> 'Each simple air his mother sung,
> Placed on her knee, when helpless, young,
> Still vibrates on his ear."

The work, though professing to give only a selection from the known melodies of Scotland, or such as were recovered from tradition, we assuredly know, contains a great number of original pieces of the editor's own, or dim reminiscences of old tunes, which his ear had treasured up from childhood, and his fancy afterwards educed in more perfect, and more beautiful forms. These, however, he never acknowledged, nor perhaps would it be proper now to point them out. The volumes contain some verses by Tannahill, and other well known lyric poets, which were never before united to music. In the preparation of this work, the editor had the assistance of some ladies, whose peculiar province it was to exclude from the old songs whatever was objectionable on the score of propriety,

and to substitute words, and lines, and even verses, more in accordance with the refinement and delicacy of the age. In executing this duty they occasionally exhibited a degree of fastidiousness, against which Smith with all humility protested, but the fair despots were inexorable. We are thoroughly persuaded of the necessity which existed for this process of purification, but the fact should have been mentioned; for as several old songs are published in the book before us, the tame and badly fitting additions are not distinguished from what is ancient, and thus in progress of time may be mistaken for the veritable productions of our unpolished and plain spoken ancestors.

During his residence in Paisley, Smith formed an intimate acquaintance with the late William Motherwell. To this, the disparity of their ages, (for Smith was nearly twenty years his senior,) formed no obstacle. Congeniality of mind, and zealous devotion to all that appertains to ballad lore, led to their intimacy, and Smith was one of the first to discover and appreciate the genius of his friend.

Smith had now passed three-and-twenty years in Paisley, where both his parents died in a good old age. He had long had it in contemplation to remove to Edinburgh, as presenting a better field for his exertions; and in the month of August, 1823, this was happily accomplished under the auspices of the late Dr Andrew Thomson, who was almost as much distinguished for his musical attainments, as for the ability wherewith he discharged the duties of his sacred office. Appointed to conduct the music in the Doctor's Church of Saint George's, Smith soon endeared himself as much to that congregation, as he had done to the one which he had just left. It was not till after his removal to the metropolis, that 'The Scottish Minstrel' was completed. Encouraged by its success, he devoted his attention to the melodies of the sister island, and 'The Irish Minstrel' was the result. This is confined to a single volume, containing one hundred and three airs, and

corresponds in form, style of accompaniment, &c., to its predecessor, to which it may be considered not only as a fit companion, but as a necessary appendix ; for it is now generally admitted, that to determine with accuracy the birthplace of many of the best melodies to which both Scotch and Irish lay claim, is a hopeless attempt.

The Scottish and Irish melodies possess so many exquisite beauties, that he who contributes by his genius, or labours, to make them more generally known, is entitled to share in the praises bestowed on those who confer benefits on mankind. Some portion of this praise was due to Smith, as the editor of these collections. Such music, even when published at a high price, is, by comparison, economical, for it is lasting—it is preserved : it is not like those songs, those *cavatine*, which, as he remarks in the preface to 'The Irish Minstrel,' "through the force of novelty, or the peculiar powers of some favourite singer, are the rage of the day, and then laid aside to be remembered no more." "Our old national melodies," he continues, "are imperishable plants, unfading evergreens, which have no more to dread from the capricious innovations of fashion, than the oak has to fear from the storm, which, instead of overturning, serves but to fix it more deeply in its native earth."

Smith inherited from nature an exceedingly sensitive organization of mind. For many years too, this was increased by bodily ill health,—a bilious complaint imbittered his days, and frequently affected his nervous system. In a letter to Motherwell, dated 24th May, 1825, we find him thus expressing himself:—"Believe me, my dear friend, that there is no person in this world that I have a greater regard for than yourself, or one whose abilities I prize so much, or whose friendly correspondence I should be the hundredth part so vexed to lose. Yet such has been the horrid lethargy that has crept over my faculties for some time past, that I have scarcely been

able to write a common card. Do bear with me if you can. I have been extremely delicate in my health. Indigestion, with all the gloomy train of nervous phantoms, has sorely beset me. I have lived a most regular life too; and as to my favourite passion, music, I may indeed say with Moore. I live

> 'Where lutes in the air are heard about,
> And voices are singing the whole day long,
> And every sigh the heart breathes out,
> Is turn'd as it leaves the lips to song.'

Basking from morn till night in the 'rays of beauty' and intelligence, and yet,——when we meet, I perhaps will explain farther. Now to the subject of your highly entertaining, and thrice welcome letter." . . . .

A few months afterwards, he wrote to the same friend, who was then engaged in publishing in parts his 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern:'—

"EDINBURGH, 28th October, 1825.

"Dear Motherwell,—How fares it with the old ballads? Has the true and genuine edition of Childe Maurice made its appearance yet? Do write me soon, and let me but be certain that you are living and well. For me, I am but newly recovered from a most distressing illness that had beset me for a long period. I have been eternally flying from place to place, to escape from the grim monster Death, who I verily believed at one time would have made, me his victim, but, I thank Heaven, I am now gradually regaining my *animal* and *spiritual* strength. I went to York for the Festival, but I thought it was all over with me when I was in that ugly town. Of course I was not quite so much delighted with the music as I otherwise would have been; still it had considerable effect in recruiting my jaded spirit, and in returning by sea from Scarborough, I found great relief. I have since been in Fifeshire, enjoying myself among the country-seats of some of

my last winter pupils, where I was received with the greatest hospitality and attention. I have now begun my winter campaign in Edinburgh, in full hopes of established health. What a history have I given you!—Does your Muse never pay you a visit? I wish she would whisper something in the shape of a song or two into your *lug*, that you might do me the favour of sending me the result. I am quite sick of the mawkish stuff I have been doomed to arrange music to lately, and am wearying sadly for something of more nerve. By the by, I have just composed music to a song that I think *you* would like, and as a small memorial of friendship, I intend to publish it soon, inscribed to you.—I am at present engaged in a work for the benefit of young ladies, and I hope, of myself,—an elementary book for singing with proper lessons, interspersed with songs on rather a novel plan. I am extremely anxious to get some good original verses, 'pure as pure can be,' and I would feel particularly proud were you to give me a specimen or two of your lyrics. I remain, &c."

When he had nearly recovered from the severe indisposition which forms the burden of these letters, he relapsed into as bad a state as ever. To relieve his mind, and banish the disorder, he paid a visit to a worthy friend in Glasgow,—the late Andrew Henderson. On his return home he wrote to Motherwell:—

"EDINBURGH, 24th December, 1825.

"Dear William,—When I wrote you last from Glasgow, with a small parcel, which I hope you received safe, I fear it was in a most melancholious vein. The truth is, I was excessively ill, and in utter despair of recovery, and since my return home I have been even much worse, but I am at present greatly better, and I hope, and trust, I shall yet weather the squall. . . . I am very anxious to get on with my book, and as I am greatly in want of words for a sweet little Greek air, I will give you a verse that suits the

measure. The accents must be kept exactly, or it will spoil the expression of the air. Two or three stanzas will be quite enough, and I think you might make it a Grecian subject :—

"Ah! dearest, wilt thou leave me,
No, no, no.
Thou think'st I do not prize thee,
Ah! 'tis so.
Ah! then thou wrong'st me:
Dearly I love thee;
Try me, oh prove me,
Do, love, do."

These words are already attached to the air. I believe they are a translation from the Romance, but 'poor indeed.' If you can please yourself with a stanza or two for it, I shall feel much obliged, as the air is a great favourite.* —I like your little Scottish song very much, and I will endeavour to supply music as soon as my beclouded faculties begin to brighten again."

His health being at length re-established, he resumed his labours. In a letter to the same correspondent, (25th March, 1826,) he says:—"I have been very busy for some time past, getting forward a performance of sacred music in St George's Church. The music was well performed—I think superior to any thing of the kind I have had, but the expenses ran away with the profits. I do not wish the world to know this, as I never like to be pitied, and I put the best face on the matter I can, and comfort myself with the pleasing idea, that it will do better the next time!"

In 1826 he published the work alluded to in the letter of 28th October. This production, which evinced in no common degree his scientific knowledge, was entitled 'An Introduction to Singing, comprising various examples with

* This, however, Motherwell could not do, and the desired stanzas were furnished by H. S. Riddell;—'The day o'er Greece is dying.'

scales, exercises, and songs in all the major and minor keys in general use, selected, composed, and arranged progressively, with an accompaniment for the piano forte.' The plan of this publication is ingenious, and considerably different from any other of the kind.

This work was not well out of his hands, till his indefatigable mind projected another of greater magnitude, consisting of melodies of various nations, united to poetry, chiefly original. Writing to Motherwell, about this undertaking, on 22d July, 1826, he says: "By the by, I have one capital old English melody. Don't start—I do assure you this one is genuine. My mother and my grandmother used to sing it to one of Robin Hood's ballads, and it has never gone from my memory. A few days ago I committed it to paper, and arranged it for the piano forte, and I am most anxious to get good words. They must be very cheerful. The air is one of those joyous strains that would make a man bound through the forest with a light heart. I will give you the beginning of the song it was sung to:

> 'When Phœbus had melted the 'cicles of ice,
> And likewise the mountains of snow,
> Bold Robin Hood, he, would frolicsome be,
> To go abroad with his long bow.'

I would like a forester's song; and as the measure is a very easy one, and the subject, I think, admirably adapted for your powers, I hope you will not disappoint me. Recollect long ballads do not answer my work. In singing, the two last lines of the verse are repeated, so you may either form the stanza of four or six lines, as suits your taste. I believe four is the best." The poet addressed himself with right good will to the task here set to him, and produced 'The Forester's Carol.'

The friends continued zealously to co-operate in the preparation of the projected publication. Into their counsels they received a valuable contributor, William Ken-

nedy. Smith having written to Motherwell while the work was in progress, received from him the following characteristic answer :—

"PAISLEY, 1st August, 1826.

"My dear Smith,—Your last letter did not, like the former, make any visit to our fashionable western bathing quarters, before it thought proper to unfold its message to me. In answer to your inquiry respecting Mr Kennedy's christian name, I may let you to wit, that, like mine own, it is no other than that favourite one of our old ballads, sweet William. In our last paper you have another piece from Kennedy's pen. In writing verses he is very industrious, and in sooth it must be admitted he writes to good purpose.—I am glad to hear that you have determined upon trying to make your present undertaking one which will pay its author; for it is a grievous, and in faith an unjust thing to one's own talents, to wear them away, and not from them derive some of the good fruits of this earth, while men of very inferior qualifications wax jolly and rich, by their worldly mode of managing the single talent God hath intrusted to their stewardship.* I think the price per number you have fixed upon is a good medium one; just such as will not frighten subscribers by its magnitude, nor induce them to hang off. as being so low that nothing good can be expected at the price. Amongst your many friends here, I am certain that you can command the sale of a very considerable number, and what I can do in procuring these, (though, by the by, I am none of the best in the line,) will be heartily at your service. .

* To this half serious, half jocular advice, the letter-writer might with great propriety have added in the words of Burns:

"And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser;"

for he himself was always remarkable for the disregard which he showed for turning his own productions to a profitable account.

. . . Publishing, as you propose to do, in numbers, will afford you time for providing, in all likelihood, excellent pieces to associate with your music, and this, I am sure, will be a pleasure to yourself, besides a gratification to your subscribers. The main thing, however, my dear Smith, is, to get your work to pay; for as the world goes, that seems now to be the object of all literary enterprises. —The title, I confess, is a serious and a puzzling thing to resolve on, and a title is as necessary to a book, as a head to a body, and much in truth does the success of a work often depend upon this otherwise minor point. At present my invention is run dry. I was almost thinking, that without any title other than part of the one you sent me, it might do well enough; for instance," [Here he gave the proposed title.] "In this way the work would, when spoken of, or otherwise noticed, take the short and familiar title of 'Smith's Melodies,' or, 'Smith's Selection,' which would easily distinguish it, when referred to, from any of your prior publications. Of this, however, you are a better judge than I am, but if any thing else should strike me as a suitable title, or Mr Kennedy, (whom I have besought also to rack his invention on the subject,) it will be communicated.—Next thing, 'I guess,' to which I must look 'pretty particularly sharp,' is to deluge you with reams of written paper, and verily though I lack the flowing pen, and fervent fancy, of some of your poetic correspondents in these parts, I must do my *devoir* in the good old cause. I fear, however, my Pegasus is one of the lumbering Flemish breed, not light enough to carry me gallantly through a tilt at song-writing; but the dull jade must be spurred on and suppled in the joints.—And now finding myself at the foot of my third page, I kiss my hand, and bid thee farewell for the present.

"Yours ever faithfully,

"W. Motherwell.

P. S. Pay no more postages, good Hal, an you love me."

In the autumn of this year, Smith passed about three weeks in London, where he was received in the most gratifying manner, by some of the first composers and singers of the day. Amidst the attractions of the metropolis there occurred a striking instance of his anxiety not to let slip any opportunity to procure a new air, whenever one worthy of preservation came within the compass of his ear. Writing to Motherwell after his return home, he says: "I have just finished the accompaniment to a remarkably fine Danish air, which happens most fortunately to be in the very spirit of your beautiful 'Song of the Danish Sea-King.' You must know that I was taking an excursion lately in a wherry on the Thames, when my ears were assailed by the hoarse bawling of half a dozen sailors, in a vessel lying at anchor, singing a boisterous song, in an unknown tongue. I instantly desired the waterman to rest on his oars, when he informed me that it was a Danish vessel. The air pleased me, and I noted it at the moment."

While in England, he, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, re-visited the place of his birth, where he remained for a week, enjoying the society of his early friends, and straying amongst the scenes where he passed his boyhood.

During the ensuing winter his studies were interrupted, and his mind harassed by domestic affliction, under the pressure of which he wrote the following letter:—

"EDINBURGH, 19th November, 1826.

"Dear Motherwell,—I would have written you long ere this, but have been prevented by distresses such as you jolly bachelors know little of. We poor married sinners must endure troubles, vexations, trials, and tribulations, that stare us in the face, grinning horribly, and ghastly, driving all romance from the mind; and you must be aware, that without a considerable portion of that de-

lightful commodity, no good music can be engendered. Seriously, my dear friend, two of my family, my eldest daughter, and youngest son, are at this moment lying dangerously ill with typhus fever. I endeavour to flatter myself with the idea that I shall escape its contagion, but I have sometimes rather melancholy forebodings, and I am obliged to sing every day, professionally, and mask my face with smiles, to cover the throbbings of a seared and lonely heart. I am under the necessity of keeping the disorder secret, as, were it known, I should not be permitted to attend any of my pupils, and this being but the commencement of my season, it would infallibly ruin me. As tales fly quickly, I beg you will not mention the circumstance, saving to Mr Kennedy. If I keep whole, I will send him a parcel by the end of this week, with some songs, and a proof copy of my 'Select Melodies,' to each of you. I do not mean to bring it out, till I ascertain what subscribers can be collected, and I will trouble you at the same time with a paper or two, in case any of my old friends, in your most respectable of towns, should do me the honour to put their names to the work. They will then have an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes what it really is, in case they may not be fond to 'buy a pig in a poke.'—Tell our worthy friend Kennedy that I have arranged the air I noted from his voice when in Paisley, to the '*rale* Irish Melody,' and that I am quite delighted with its simplicity and genuine Irish feeling—(I mean both song and music.*) I trust that you will also see your 'Knight's Song' appear in my second part. I am highly pleased with it, and have already discovered some 'cunning music' which answers the knight pretty well. When you come to Edinburgh, mayhap you will hear it chanted gaily to the harp, if not to the rebeck. . . .

* This was the song written by Kennedy to an Irish air, 'Och! while I live I'll ne'er forget.'

I have written in the present instance lightly, my dear friend, in order to drive away the foul fiend, and I wish to be as merry as I can, but a cloud has come over me, and I can bear up no longer. I have known enough of this cold world, and felt enough of its miseries, and I care little for this dreamy existence, saving to live for the few I esteem and love. Do forgive me, if you can, for this dash of gloom, and if all go well I will write you soon in a more sprightly measure. If not, some other minstrel must continue my 'Melodies,' and I will sleep, reckless of the censure or applause of a world, which will soon forget that such an atom ever floated on its surface, as, my dear Motherwell, your affectionate friend, R. A. Smith."

This letter does not indicate the whole extent of his affliction, for ultimately four of his children were laid up with fever, but happily they all recovered, and he himself escaped the contagion.

In the end of 1827 appeared a portion of the work with which he had been for some time occupied, namely, 'Select Melodies, with appropriate words, chiefly original, selected and arranged with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano-forte.' For this collection more than half the countries of the globe were laid under contribution, while amongst those by whom verses were supplied, are found the names of Mrs Hemans, the Ettrick Shepherd, Kennedy, and Motherwell. The author intended to publish a second volume, materials for which he had in preparation, but this intention he was obliged to forego. Like its predecessors, the Scottish and Irish Minstrels, and the Introduction to Singing, this work contains many beautiful original compositions, a few only of which he acknowledged to be his own. It was received with the highest approbation. Among other testimonies to its merit, a letter was addressed to him by the celebrated Thomas Moore, bestowing great praise on one of these unacknowledged melodies, the paternity of which had been

assigned to the Emerald Isle, but which was truly the musician's own composition.*

To secular music, however, he did not exclusively confine his attention; indeed, we believe that after his removal to Edinburgh, he was chiefly engrossed with that of devotion. In this branch of his professional career the following productions are to be classed: 'Sacred Music for the use of St George's Church, Edinburgh;' 'The Sacred Harmony of the Church of Scotland;' 'Sacred Music, consisting of tunes, sanctusses, doxologies, thanksgivings, &c., sung in St George's Church;' and a number of anthems composed for the anniversary of George Heriot's Day.

Thus far have we enumerated the various collected works, which his prolific genius and unwearied industry produced. As to his detached pieces, they are so numerous, and were published by so many different individuals, (not a few of them anonymously,) that to point them all out, would, at this distance of time, be an extremely difficult task.

Our friend's life was now drawing to a close. The reader has already been made aware of a distressing malady to which he was subject. This it was found impossible to subdue, and it at length triumphed over a frame, that for years had been gradually debilitated by its almost incessant attacks. After being confined for about a fortnight, he calmly expired at Edinburgh, on the 3d of January, 1829, in the 49th year of his age, leaving a widow and five children. This event being quite unexpected, except by his intimate friends, caused a deep sensation in that city, and in the West of Scotland, where he was so generally known. His funeral was very numerously attended, and in its progress many persons, unasked, joined, and followed the body to the tomb.

* 'The Midnight Wind,'—words by Motherwell.

The following just and beautiful tribute to his memory was paid by the Session of the Church with which he was connected:—

"EDINBURGH, St George's Session House,
"11*th January*, 1829.

"Which day, the Session being met and constituted; the Rev. Doctor Thomson, Moderator. And considering that it having pleased God to remove by death Mr R. A. Smith, Precentor in St George's, the Session unanimously express the very sincere and deep regret which they feel in consequence of that melancholy event,—a regret which they are confident is shared with them by every member of the congregation.

"The Session deem it right to record their unanimous testimony to the uncommon taste and skill with which Mr Smith conducted the music of the Church,—to the fidelity and attention which distinguished his official duty,—to the modesty of temper and correctness of manners, which they have had occasion to admire in all their intercourse with him,—and to the entire respectability of character which he uniformly maintained during the long period of his precentorship, and which secured for him universal respect and esteem.

"And while they thus bear testimony to his invaluable services, and his personal worth, they would also most sincerely sympathise with the afflicted family whom Mr Smith has left behind him, to bewail a loss which to them must be irreparable, and earnestly supplicate for them the consolations of that gracious Being, who has declared himself to be 'a Father of the fatherless, and a Husband of the widow, in his holy habitation.'"

The above was prepared by Dr Thomson, who was himself destined to be laid in 'the house appointed for all living,' within little more than a twelvemonth after the individual whose loss he so feelingly deplored.

The publication of 'The Sacred Harmony,' which was brought out in parts, not having been completed at Mr Smith's death, the eminent divine just named, wrote for it a preface, from which we take this extract:—"It is impossible to conclude this preface, without adverting to the editor of this work; which we can do more freely, since he is beyond the reach of both censure and praise. While he lived, his modest and unassuming worth gained him the esteem of all to whom he was known; and when he died, his death was universally and deeply lamented. We, for our part, felt it as the loss of a friend and a brother. He was fond to enthusiasm of sacred music. He entered fully and feelingly into its true character. And he contributed ably and largely to its stores, in the anthems, psalm-tunes, and other pieces which, from time to time, he composed and published. Much did he achieve in rescuing it from the barbarism and degeneracy into which it had fallen throughout the parishes of this country, by drawing the attention of influential people to its numerous defects, both as to the music performed, and the actual performance of it, and by diffusing a better taste, and a greater love for it, than what had previously prevailed. And in the choirs which he successively had under his superintendence in Paisley and in Edinburgh, he exhibited specimens, not only of what it ought to be, but of what it is capable of being made, when those who are concerned in its improvement unite in patronizing and promoting it."

"Smith," says another competent judge,* "was a musician of sterling talent. His merits have been long recognised, but the extreme modesty of his character prevented them being so fully appreciated as they ought; and his labours

* Mr George Hogarth, (author of a History of Music,) in an article inserted in the Edinburgh Evening Courant of 9th February, 1829.

were only beginning to gain for him the reputation and emolument they deserved, when he was cut off by an untimely death. His compositions partake of the character of his mind ; they are tender, and generally tinged with melancholy ; simple, and unpretending ; and always graceful, and unaffectedly elegant. He had not the advantage of a regular musical education, or of having his taste formed upon the classic models of the art. But there was in his mind a native delicacy, and an intuitive soundness of judgment, which enabled him to shun the slightest tendency to vulgarity, and to make his productions always fulfil his object, whatever it was. His melodies are expressive, and his harmonies clear and satisfactory. He had the admirable good sense to know how far he could safely penetrate into the depths of cou terpoint and modulation, without losing his way ; and accordingly his music is entirely free from that scientific pedantry, which forms the prevailing vice of the modern English school. Mr Smith has enriched the music of our own country with many melodies which have deservedly become national, and will probably descend, in that character, from generation to generation, in Scotland. His sacred music is uniformly excellent, possessing, in a high degree, the simplicity of design, and solemnity of effect, which this species of music requires. His sacred compositions, being written for the Scottish Church, and without instrumental accompaniment of any kind, are easily executed, and will undoubtedly tend to heighten the character of our church music, as they are beginning to be generally used in those places of worship where vocal harmony only is admitted. His own personal exertions, as precentor of St George's Church, and the example which that Church has given, have already wrought a wonderful change in the musical part of our service."

To estimates so correct, and so well expressed, there is

little to add.—Smith's soul was wedded to nature. His taste never became so vitiated by art, as to sacrifice melody for intricate, lifeless harmonies. His feelings were strongly rivetted to that description of music which beats in unison with the sympathies of our nature. He shrank from the practice of whatever was grating to the ear, and never tortured those of his hearers, by throwing into his compositions a profusion of harsh dissonances, and contorted jarrings, as is done by some who affect to laugh at melody, and introduce passages into their compositions, which would require to be logically studied before it is possible to decide whether the melody is the more stiff, inelegant, and unlovely, or the harmony more uncouth, unearthly, and distracting, though, doubtless, both may be most profoundly, most darkly scientific.—As a Vocalist, he was highly finished. His voice was a light mellow tenor ; his intonation was perfect ; and his enunciation distinct and accurate. All his performances were alike free of guttural roughness, and the offensive nasal twang of some celebrated singers, or the equally disagreeable sibillating hiss of others. When at his concerts he sung any of our plaintive national melodies, his sweet and silvery tones fell upon the ear with all those chaste and winning graces with which he was so liberally endowed, and operated with the charm of a spell,—

> " Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

Constituted as his mind was, it was but natural that he should make excursions into the pleasant realm of poesy. Such of his verses as we have been able to recover, will be found appended to this Memoir. In all of them, some portion of the tenderness and simplicity which pervade his musical compositions will be discovered.

In his manners, Smith was modest, retiring, and unaffected. His deportment was gentleman-like, and he

possessed a large share of natural good breeding, which being polished and refined in the society with which his profession led him to mingle, rendered him an agreeable companion wherever he went; so much so, that in his intercourse with persons of the highest rank, he was often received as much in the quality of a friend, as a composer. The accent of his native country, though dashed with our Scottish idiom, he never lost. He had a keen perception of the ludicrous, and among his intimate associates occasionally displayed a peculiarly pleasing vein of humour. His person was tall and well formed. He had a fresh complexion, with hazel eyes, and brown hair. His countenance wore a pensive character, relieved by a lurking expression of humour about the region of the mouth.

To his qualities in other and more important respects, we can bear ample testimony, for we knew him well. He was honourable, generous, disinterested, sincere, and in all the relations of life most exemplary. Possessed of qualities so eminently calculated to attract, and to preserve regard, there need be no wonder at the depth of the regret with which his many friends are actuated, whenever there is introduced the once familiar name of 'R. A. Smith.'

VERSES BY SMITH.

FLORA'S BOWER.

Set to music by himself.

Who is the sleeping youth that lies
  Within my greenwood bower;
The clusters of his yellow hair,
  All dripping with the show'r?
Oh! by his bonnet's faded plume,
  His plaid so rudely torn,
He seems some weary traveller,
  Deserted, and forlorn.

But gaze upon that open brow,
  That graceful form survey;
Those looks, though gentle, do not seem
  Accustom'd to obey:
And see, the wind has blown aside
  The sleeper's tatter'd vest;
And is not that a Royal Star
  Which glitters on his breast

Yes, my beloved, forsaken, Prince,
  On female aid relies;

Can death young Flora's courage daunt?
No,—for her King she dies!

Sleep on, my Prince, securely sleep,
Let every doubt depart,
The foe that would thy slumbers break
Must pierce my faithful heart.

These verses, we need scarcely mention, refer to the escape of Prince Charles Stewart, in which Flora MacDonald was so prominent, and so adventurous an agent.

PARTING TOKENS.

Set to music by himself.

This pledge of affection, dear Ellen, receive
From a youth who's devoted to thee;
And when on the relic you look, love, believe,
Thy Edward still constant will be.
The gift thou hast woven, I'll wear near my heart,
And oft the dear token will prove
A charm to dispel every gloom, and impart
A joyful remembrance of love.

Nay, weep not, sweet maid, though thy sailor, awhile
Must roam o'er the boisterous main;
Fond hope kindly whispers that fortune will smile
And we shall meet happy again:
One embrace ere we part,—see, the vessel's unmoor d,
The signal floats high in our view;
The last boat yet lingers to waft me on board,—
Adieu, dearest Ellen, adieu!

TO A LADY,

WITH A CROSS MADE OF A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, WHICH WAS WRECKED OFF THE ISLAND OF MULL,—1588.

When o'er the dark Atlantic wave,
The proud Armada held their way;
Flushed with the hopes a tyrant gave,
They sought the spot where Britain lay.

But see! her lion-heart is bold,
'Tis roused to meet the coming foe;
And armed with strength, she'll calm behold
The gathering storm of death and wo.

Spain's mighty bulwarks scattered fly,
The wave has hid their giant form;
And while loud thunders rend the sky
They haste—but cannot 'scape the storm.

A relic of that fleet is mine;—
(Let haughty Spain lament her loss;)
Oh! wear it on that breast of thine,
Dear lady—wear this simple cross.

ON ANOTHER PORTION OF THE SAME FRAGMENT.

Part of a ship of the Spanish Armada,
That on the seas made such a parade–a,
When Britain's isle they sought to invade–a:
But soon the gallant English Navy
Made the haughty Dons to cry *Peccavi*,
And sent them packing to old Davy.

ON A RELIC OF THE CROCKSTON YEW-TREE.

A RELIC of the ancient yew,
That once by Crockston Castle grew,
Whose spreading boughs and foliage green,
Oft sheltered Scotland's beauteous Queen,
When Fortune treacherous on her smiled,
And Love the blissful hours beguiled:—
Then, pilgrim, when this relic meets thine eye,
Remember Mary's wrongs, and heave a pitying sigh.

A TEAR.

Set to music by himself.

ADOWN the green dell, near the abbey's remains,
All under the willow he lies;
There, by the pale moonlight, Maria complains,
And sad to the night-breeze she sighs:

"Oh! it is not the dew-drop adorns the wild rose,
On the brier-bound grave of my dear:*
I could not but weep while I prayed his repose,"—
And the bright trembling drop is—a tear.

* *Brier-bound grave.* This alludes to a custom practised in some of the more remote villages in the south of England, of firmly lacing graves with a kind of basket-work of briers, brambles, &c., which, taking root, and being kept in order, cast even a cheerful look over the silent mansions of the dead. Chatterton has noticed this custom in his tragical interlude, 'Ella:'

"Wythe mie honds I'll dente† the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre.‡"

† *Dente*, fasten. ‡ *Gre*, grow.

THE MAY OF THE GLEN:

A FRAGMENT.

Set to music by himself.

THERE was a May wonn'd in yon glen,
With a heigh-ho, the green hollan tree;
And she had wooers, nine or ten,
And the broom it bloom'd sae bonnie.

But him she lo'ed did prove untrue,
With a heigh-ho, the green hollan tree,
Whilk caus'd the May fu' sair to rue,
And the broom nae mair bloom'd bonnie.

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* * * * * *

PART FIRST.

SONGS.

SONGS.

JESSIE, THE FLOW'R O' DUMBLANE.

Set to music by R. A. Smith.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days 'till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
'Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

'Jessie the Flow'r o' Dumblane,' was first ushered into the world in 1808, and since that time no Scottish song has enjoyed among all classes greater popularity. For this it is indebted at once to the beauty of the words and the appropriateness of the music composed for them by the poet's friend.

Smith says, "The third stanza was not written till several months after the others were finished, and, in my opinion, it would have been more to the author's credit had such an addition never been made. The language, I think, falls considerably below that of the two first verses. Surely the Promethean fire must have been burning but *lownly* when such common-place ideas could be coolly written after the song had been so finely wound up with the beautiful apostrophe to the mavis,

"Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening."

"When I had composed the music, Jessie was introduced to the world with this clog hanging at her foot, much against my inclination and advice; however, I feel confident that every singer of taste will discard it as a useless appendage."—'Harp of Renfrewshire,' p. xxxvi. In this opinion we concur. When viewed in connexion with the preceding stanzas the third does appear to be deficient in that *callida junctura*, which it would have manifested had the whole been "struck off at a heat."

Smith also mentions, that "Many a bonnie lass, whose name chanced to be the same with that in the song, has been in her time the supposititious heroine of it, and got the blame of having 'cuist the glamour o'er him,' though with little reason, for I do sincerely believe the poet had no particular fair one in his eye at the time, and that Jessie was quite an imaginary personage."—*Ibid.* The same belief founded on the best authority—the poet's own assurance to them—is entertained by his surviving relations and friends; but notwithstanding, a writer in the Musical Magazine for May 1835 gravely assures us, that he having had

occasion to visit Dumblane some sixteen or seventeen years previously, was there introduced to an elderly female who was represented to be the heroine of the song, but who formed the exact counterpart of the pure creature of the poet's imagination;—and coachmen hesitate not to point out to travellers the very house in Dumblane in which "Jessie" first saw the light. The truth is, that Tannahill never was in Dumblane, and knew no person belonging to it; and that the words were written to supplant the old doggerel song of the 'Bob o' Dumblane,'—hence the title. As for the allusion to the going down of the sun 'o'er the lofty Benlomond,' the poet needed not to go to Dumblane to witness such a spectacle; in his evening walks on the Braes o' Gleniffer, it formed the most imposing object of the scene,—'towards heaven's descent sloping its west'ring wheel.'—Ed.

LOUDOUN'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Air—Lord Moira's Welcome to Scotland.

Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a,' lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Would gi'e Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha frae fame would live a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes
Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle Hope shall soothe thy waes
When I am far awa', lassie.

"Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.

Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love, and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie."

O resume thy wonted smile!
O suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honour crowns the toil
That the soldier shares, lassie;
Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
'Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
'Till the day we die, lassie;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blithe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudoun's flow'ry lea, lassie.

This very popular song was composed in honour of the late Earl Moira, (afterwards Marquis of Hastings,) and a Scottish Peeress, the Countess of Loudoun, on occasion of his lordship having been called abroad in the service of his country shortly after their nuptials.

In a letter to his friend King, (Nov. 2d, 1807,) the author says, "I own I am somewhat half pleased with the above myself; but that is always the case when a piece is newly finished, and it must lie past some time before we are capable of judging rightly how it may stand."—Ed.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

Set to music by Smith.

Far lone amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony;
Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

Now, from tne mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean,
There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion:—
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurel'd favours many;
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

Written in honour of a young lady, whom a friend of the poet's, during an excursion to the Highlands, accidentally met at Arranteenie, (properly Ardentinny,) a romantic and sequestered spot on the banks of Loch Long.—Ed.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Air—Bonny Dundee.

Arranged by Smith.

KEEN blaws the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw ;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw :
The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree :
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw ;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,—
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me!

Concerning this beautiful song we cannot do better than quote the observations of Smith, evincing as they do that correct critical taste for which we have in the Memoir given him credit :—

"Songs possessing great poetical beauty do not always become favourites with the public. 'Keen blaws the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer,' is perhaps Tannahill's best lyrical effusion, yet it does not appear to be much known, at least it is but seldom sung. It was written for the old Scottish melody 'Bonnie Dundee,' but Burns had occupied the same ground before him. Mr Ross of Aberdeen composed a very pretty air for it; yet, to use the phrase of a certain favourite vocal performer, 'it did not *hit*.'—The language and imagery of this song appear to me beautiful and natural. There is an elegant simplicity in the couplet,

'The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;'

and the dreary appearance of the scenery in winter is strikingly portrayed in the second stanza:

'Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.'

Again,

'The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.'

The birds shaking the cauld drift frae their wings is an idea not unworthy of Burns."—'Harp of Renfrewshire,' p. xxxviii.—Ed.

THE FLOWER OF LEVERN SIDE.

Ye sunny braes that skirt the Clyde
Wi' simmer flowers sae braw,
There's ae sweet flower on Levern side,
That's fairer than them a':
Yet aye it droops its head in wae,
Regardless o' the sunny ray,
And wastes its sweets frae day to day,
Beside the lonely shaw;

Wi' leaves a' steep'd in sorrow's dew,
Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue,
Wha aft the sweetest flower will pu',
Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonny flow'r on Levern side,
O gin thou'lt be but mine;
I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
Wi' love that ne'er shall tine;
I'll take thee to my shelt'ring bower,
And shield thee frae the beating shower,
Unharm'd by ought thou'lt bloom secure
Frae a' the blasts that blaw:
Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
That streaks the glowing western sky,
But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
And lone will be thy fa'.

The Levern (which must not be confounded with the Leven of Smollett's ode) is a rivulet that falls into the Cart near Crockston Castle.—Ed.

LANGSYNE, BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

Set to Music by Smith.

Langsyne, beside the woodland burn,
Amang the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
On nature's mossy pillow:
A' 'round my seat the flowers were strew'd,
That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a summer snood,
To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
  Its richer hues to mellow,
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
  To busk the sedge sae yellow :
The craw-flower blue, and meadow-pink,
I wove in primrose-braided link,
But little, little did I think
  I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forc'd afar,
  Tost on the raging billow ;
Perhaps he's fa'en in bloody war,
  Or wreck'd on rocky shallow :
Yet aye I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
And often by the woodland burn
  I pu' the weeping willow.

YON BURN SIDE.

Air—The Brier bush—second set.

Arranged by Smith.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
Where the bushes form a cosie den, on yon burn side ;
  Though the broomy knowes be green,
  And there we may be seen,
Yet we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn side.

I'll lead you to the birken bower, on yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn side ;
  There the busy prying eye,
  Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,
While in ither's arms they lie, down by yon burn side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,—
Those fairy-scenes are no' for you, by yon burn side;
There fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murm'ring stream,
And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the planting taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon burn-side,
And gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn side;—
Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll through the fields alane,
There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn side.

THROUGH

CROCKSTON CASTLE'S LANELY WA'S.

Air—Crockston Castle.

Arranged by Smith.

Through Crockston Castle's lanely wa's,
The wintry wind howls wild and dreary;
Though mirk the cheerful e'ening fa's,
Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.
Yes, Mary, though the winds should rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
Rude Cartha* pours in boundless measure,
But I will ford the whirling deep,
That roars between me and my treasure.

* Tannahill here, and Burns in his song of 'Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,' describe the appearance which this usually

Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave
With jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
But when the lonesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
Yes, Mary, though stern Winter rave,
With a' his storms, to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

So early as the twelfth century the baronies of Crockston, Darnley and Neilston, belonged to a family of the name of Croc, from whom they passed by marriage, in the following century, to a younger brother of the house of Stewart, ancestor of Lord Darnley, husband of Queen Mary. At Crockston Castle, according to a questionable tradition, that princess occasionally resided ; and near it she awaited the issue of the battle of Langside which was fought in the neighbourhood, and ended in the defeat of her adherents and in her flight to England. This ancient edifice now belongs to Sir John Maxwell, who takes great care to prevent the farther dilapidation of "the ruins grey."

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sluggish stream presents during 'a speat.' Grahame, the author of 'The Sabbath,' who in childhood lived amongst the

———rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua, *taciturnus amnis,*

exhibits it in a more pleasing aspect:

Forth from my low-roofed home I wandered blithe
Down to thy side, *sweet Cart,* where cross the stream
A range of stones, below a shallow ford,
Stood in the place of the now spanning arch.
The Birds of Scotland, p. 27.

ED.

"Hard by the Castle," (said Crawfurd, the historian of the county, who wrote in 1710) "is to be seen that noble monument the yew-tree, called the Tree of Crockston; of so large a trunk, and well spread in its branches, that 'tis seen at several miles distance from the ground where it stands." From its traditional connexion with the history of "the most unhappy of an unhappy race," this venerable tree was regarded with great interest. The withered trunk was removed only about twenty years ago. Its memory is preserved in relics, such as *quaighs* and snuff-boxes.—Ed.

I'LL HIE ME TO THE SHIELING HILL.

Air—Gilly Callum.

I'll hie me to the shieling hill,
And bide amang the braes, Callum,
Ere I gang to Crochan mill,
I'll live on hips and slaes, Callum.
Wealthy pride but ill can hide
Your runkl'd mizzly shins, Callum,
Lyart pow, as white's the tow,
And beard as rough's the whins, Callum.

Wily woman aft deceives!
Sae ye'll think, I ween, Callum,
Trees may keep their wither'd leaves,
'Till ance they get the green, Callum.
Blithe young Donald's won my heart,
Has my willing vow, Callum,
Now, for a' your couthy art,
I winna marry you, Callum.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.*

Air—The Three Carls o' Buchanan.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonny Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang simmer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils,
To the bower o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
'Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the simmer is in prime,
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,

* Pronounced Balwhither,—*quh* expressing the sound of *wh* in the Scottish language.—Ed.

And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming ;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

O LASSIE, WILL YE TAK' A MAN?

Air—Whistle o'er the lave o't.

O LASSIE, will ye tak' a man,
Rich in housing, gear, and lan' ?
De'il tak' the cash ! that I should ban,
Nae mair I'll be the slave o't.
I'll buy you claise to busk you braw,
A riding pony, pad and a' ;
On fashion's tap we'll drive awa',
Whip, spur, and a' the lave o't.

O poortith is a wintry day,
Cheerless, blirtie, cauld, and blae ;
But basking under Fortune's ray,
There's joy whate'er ye'd have o't.
Then gie's your hand ye'll be my wife,
I'll make you happy a' your life,
We'll row in love and siller rife,
Till death wind up the lave o't.

AN ANACREONTIC.

FILL, fill the merry bowl,
Drown corrosive care and sorrow ;
Why, why clog the soul,
By caring for to-morrow ?

Fill your glasses, toast your lasses,
Blythe Anacreon bids you live,
Love, with friendship, far surpasses
All the pleasures life can give.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring th' enlivening bell,
The merry dirge of care and sorrow;
Why leave them life to tell
Their heavy tales to-morrow?

Come join the social glee,
Give the reins to festive pleasure,
While fancy, light, and free,
Dances to the measure:
Love and wit, with all the graces,
Revel round in fairy ring;
Smiling joy adorns our faces,
While with jocund hearts we sing.

CHORUS.

Now, since our cares are drown'd,
Spite of what the sages tell us,
Hoary Time, in all his round,
Ne'er saw such happy fellows.

Smith says in a manuscript note now before us—"Tannahill wrote the above at my particular desire for a favourite air I gave him, which I thought would make a good bacchanalian."—Ed.

OUR BONNY SCOTCH LADS.

Set to Music by Smith.

Our bonny Scotch lads, in their green tartan plaids,
Their blue-belted bonnets, and feathers sae braw,

Rank'd up on the green were fair to be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairest of a'.
His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell,
Or the red western cloud looking down on the snaw,
His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
And the een o' the lasses were fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa';
He bade me farewell, he cried "O be leal!"
And his red cheeks were wet wi' the tears that did fa'.
Ah! Harry, my love, though thou ne'er shouldst return,
Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,
And memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but thee.

OCH HEY! JOHNNIE, LAD

Och hey! Johnnie, lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been;
Och hey! Johnnie, lad,
Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
I waited lang beside the wood,
Sae wae and weary a' my lane;
Och hey! Johnnie, lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
I looked by the firs sae green,
I looked owre the spunkie-howe,*
And aye I thought ye would ha'e been.

* Dr Jamieson, in the Supplement to his Scottish Dictionary, has stated as one of the meanings of the adjective 'spunkie,' that it is "an epithet applied to a place supposed to be haunted,

The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een ;
Och hey ! Johnnie, lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
Then I was waiting by the thorn ;
I thought it was the place we set,
And waited maist till dawning morn.
Sae be na vex'd, my bonny lassie,
Let my waiting stand for thine ;
We'll awa' to Craigton-shaw,
And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

COMPANION OF MY YOUTHFUL SPORTS.

Air—Gilderoy.

Companion of my youthful sports,
From love and friendship torn,
A victim to the pride of courts,
Thy early death I mourn.
Unshrouded on a foreign shore,
Thou'rt mould'ring in the clay,
While here thy weeping friends deplore
Corunna's fatal day.

How glows the youthful warrior's mind
With thoughts of laurels won,

from the frequent appearance of the ignis fatuus ;" in support of which he quotes the above passage as his only authority. But, with great deference, the venerable lexicographer has misapprehended the meaning of the poet, who plainly used 'spunkie-howe' as a compound noun, to denote the 'howe of the spunkie,'—in other words, the 'Will o' the wisp hollow.'—Ed.

But ruthless Ruin lurks behind,
" And marks him for her own."
How soon the meteor ray is shed,—
" That lures him to his doom,"
And dark Oblivion veils his head
In everlasting gloom.

Written on the death of a friend who fell at the battle of Corunna.—Ed.

FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

Gaelic Air.

Fly we to some desert isle,
There we'll pass our days together,
Shun the world's derisive smile,
Wand'ring tenants of the heather:
Shelter'd in some lonely glen,
Far remov'd from mortal ken,
Forget the selfish ways o' men,
Nor feel a wish beyond each other.

Though my friends deride me still,
Jamie, I'll disown thee never;
Let them scorn me as they will,
I'll be thine—and thine for ever.
What are a' my kin to me,
A' their pride o' pedigree?
What were life, if wanting thee,
And what were death, if we maun sever!

O SAIR I RUE THE WITLESS WISH.

Arranged by Smith.

O SAIR I rue the witless wish,
That gar'd me gang wi' you at e'en,
And sair I rue the birken bush,
That screen'd us wi' its leaves sae green.
And though ye vow'd ye wad be mine,
The tear o' grief aye dims my e'e,
For O! I'm fear'd that I may tine
The love that ye ha'e promis'd me!

While ithers seek their e'ening sports,
I wander, dowie, a' my lane,
For when I join their glad resorts,
Their daffing gi'es me meikle pain.
Alas! it was na' sae shortsyne,
When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;
But, O! I'm fear'd that I may tine
The love that ye ha'e promis'd me.

Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,
For I ha'e wair'd my winter's fee,
I've coft a bonnie silken gown,
To be a bridal gift for thee.
And sooner shall the hills fa' down,
And mountain-high shall stand the sea,
Ere I'd accept a gowden crown,
To change that love I bear for thee.

KITTY TYRRELL.

Irish Air.

THE breeze of the night fans the dark mountain's breast,
And the light bounding deer have all sunk to their rest,

The big sullen waves lash the lough's rocky shore,
And the lone drowsy fisherman nods o'er his oar.
Though pathless the moor, and though starless the skies,
The star of my heart is my Kitty's bright eyes,
And joyful I hie over glen, brake, and fell,
In secret to meet my sweet Kitty Tyrrell.

Ah! long we have lov'd in her father's despite,
And oft we have met at the dead hour of night,
When hard-hearted Vigilance, sunk in repose,
Gave Love one sweet hour its fond tale to disclose;
These moments of transport, to me, oh how dear!
And the fate that would part us, alas, how severe!
Although the rude storm rise with merciless swell,
This night I shall meet my sweet Kitty Tyrrell.

"Ah! turn, hapless youth! see the dark cloud of death
"Comes rolling in gloom o'er the wild haunted heath;
"Deep groans the scath'd oak on the glen's cliffy brow,
"And the sound of the torrent seems heavy with woe."
Away, foolish seer, with thy fancies so wild,
Go tell thy weak dreams to some credulous child;
Love guides my light steps through the lone dreary dell,
And I fly to the arms of sweet Kitty Tyrrell.

As it is fashionable to furnish various readings, we will here subjoin one taken from a copy of this song in the author's hand-writing, by which it appears that he at first gave it a melancholy termination, in the following lines which were afterwards supplanted by the last four above printed:

O fearless he goes—see he fords the deep burn,
He goes—but alas!. he shall never return;
The ruthless assassin unseen marks him well,
And he falls for his love to sweet Kitty Tyrrell.—Ed.

ELLEN MORE.

Air—Mary's Dream.

THE sun had kiss'd green Erin's waves,
The dark blue mountains tower'd between,
Mild evening's dews refresh'd the leaves,
The moon unclouded rose serene ;
When Ellen wander'd forth, unseen,
All lone her sorrows to deplore,—
False was her lover, false her friend,
And false was hope to Ellen More.

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,
Young Emma to her heart was dear,
No weal nor woe did Ellen prove,
But Emma ever seem'd to share ;
Yet envious, still she spread the wile,
That sullied Ellen's virtues o'er,
Her faithless Henry spurn'd the while
His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wander'd down Loch-Mary side,
Where oft at ev'ning hour she stole,
To meet her love with secret pride,
Now deepest anguish wrung her soul.
O'ercome with grief, she sought the steep
Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar,
O Pity, veil thy eyes and weep!
A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow braes,
And woo the mountain flow'rs to bloom,
But never can his golden rays
Awake the flower in yonder tomb :

There oft young Henry strays forlorn,
When moonlight gilds the abbey tower,
There oft from eve 'till breezy morn,
He weeps his faithful Ellen More.

DIRGE.

WRITTEN ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF ROBERT BURNS' FUNERAL.

Let grief for ever cloud the day,
That saw our Bard borne to the clay;
Let joy be banish'd every eye,
And Nature, weeping, seem to cry—
"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
"The ae best fellow e'er was born."

Let Sol resign his wonted powers,
Let chilling north winds blast the flowers;
That each may droop its withering head,
And seem to mourn our Poet dead.*
"He's gone, he's gone! &c.

Let shepherds, from the mountain's steep,
Look down on widow'd Nith, and weep,
Let rustic swains their labours leave,
And sighing, murmur o'er his grave—
"He's gone, he's gone! &c.

Let bonny Doon, and winding Ayr
Their bushy banks in anguish tear,
While many a tributary stream,
Pours down its griefs to swell the theme—
"He's gone, he's gone! &c.

* This verse, which has not been inserted in any former edition, is copied from the author's manuscript.—Ed.

All dismal let the night descend,
Let whirling storms the forests rend,
Let furious tempests sweep the sky,
And dreary howling caverns cry—
" He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
" The ae best fellow e'er was born!"

Writing to Clark about this dirge on 31 August, 1805, the author says, " I am much obliged to you for fitting me with an air suitable to the stanza I formerly sent you, and though it answers the words as well as ever tune did any, yet I am doubtful that the verses will not do to sing at all, owing to the repetition of the same two lines at the hinder-end of every stanza, which two lines being repeated twice (to the music) will be intolerably insipid. However, I will give you the whole of it, so that you may judge."—Ed.

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

Dorothy sits i' the cauld ingle neuk;
Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae,
Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,
Wi' smoking, her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.
And aye she sings " Weel's me!" aye she sings " Weel's me!
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me;
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me:
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die."

Dorothy ance was a weel tocher'd lass,
Had charms like her neighbours, and lovers anew,
But she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her sauce,
They left her for thirty lang simmers to rue.
Then aye she sang " Wae's me!" aye she sang "Wae's me!
O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy!
Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
De'il take the wooers—O what shall I do!"

Dorothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,
Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e,
She thought on the braw merry days that were gane,
And caft a wee coggie for company.
Now aye she sings "Weel's me!" aye she sings "Weel's me!
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me;
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me:
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die."

GREEN INISMORE.

Air—The Leitrim County.

How light is my heart as I journey along,
Now my perilous service is o'er!
I think on sweet home, and I carol a song
In remembrance of her I adore;
How sad was the hour when I bade her adieu!
Her tears spoke her grief, though her words were but few,
She hung on my bosom, and sigh'd, O be true,
When you're far from the green Inismore!

Ah! Eveleen, my love! hadst thou seen this fond breast,
How, at parting, it bled to its core,
Thou hadst there seen thine image so deeply imprest,
That thou ne'er couldst have doubted me more.
For my king and my country undaunted I fought,
And braved all the hardships of war as I ought,
But the day never rose saw thee strange to my thought,
Since I left thee in green Inismore.

Ye dear native mountains that tower on my view,
What joys to my mind ye restore!
The past happy scenes of my life ye renew,
And ye ne'er seem'd so charming before.

In the rapture of fancy already I spy
My kindred and friends crowding round me with joy;
But my Eveleen, sweet girl, there's a far dearer tie,
Binds this heart to the green Inismore.

THE WORN SOLDIER.

The Queensferry boatie rows light,
And light is the heart that it bears,
For it brings the poor soldier safe back to his home
From many long toilsome years.

How sweet are his green native hills,
As they smile to the beams of the west;
But sweeter by far is the sunshine of hope,
That gladdens the soldier's breast.

I can well mark the tears of his joy,
As the wave-beaten pier he ascends,
For already, in fancy, he enters his home,
'Midst the greetings of tender friends.

But fled are his visions of bliss,
All his transports but rose to deceive,
He found the dear cottage a tenantless waste,
And his kindred all sunk to the grave.—

Lend a sigh to the soldier's grief,
For now he is helpless and poor,
And, forc'd to solicit a slender relief,
He wanders from door to door.

To him let your answers be mild,
And, O to the sufferer be kind!
For the look of indiff'rence, the frown of disdain,
Bear hard on a generous mind.

FROM THE RUDE BUSTLING CAMP.

Air—My laddie is gane.

From the rude bustling camp, to the calm rural plain,
I'm come, my dear Jeanie, to bless thee again ;
Still burning for honour our warriors may roam,
But the laurel I wish'd for I've won it at home :
All the glories of conquest no joy could impart,
When far from the kind little girl of my heart ;
Now, safely return'd, I will leave thee no more,
But love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

The sweets of retirement how pleasing to me !
Possessing all worth, my dear Jeanie, in thee !
Our flocks early bleating will make us to joy,
And our raptures exceed the warm tints in the sky ;
In sweet rural pastimes our days still will glide,
Till Time, looking back, will admire at* his speed ;
Still blooming in virtue, though youth then be o'er,
I'll love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

Arranged by Smith.

The cold wind blows
O'er the drifted snows,
Loud howls the rain-lash'd naked wood ;
Weary I stray,
On my lonesome way,
And my heart is faint for want of food :

* 'Admire at,' that is, 'wonder at,' according to a rather antiquated meaning of the words.—Ed.

Pity a wretch left all forlorn,
On life's wide wintry waste to mourn ;
The gloom of night fast veils the sky,
And pleads for your humanity.

On valour's bed
My Henry died,
In the cheerless desert is his tomb :
Now lost to joy
With my little boy,
In woe and want I wander home.
O never, never will you miss
The boon bestow'd on deep distress,
For dear to Heav'n is the glist'ning eye,
That beams benign humanity.

THE WANDERING BARD.

Arranged by Smith.

Chill the wintry winds were blowing,
Foul the murky night was snowing,
Through the storm the minstrel, bowing,
Sought the inn on yonder moor.
All within was warm and cheery,
All without was cold and dreary,
There the wand'rer, old and weary,
Thought to pass the night secure.

Softly rose his mournful ditty,
Suiting to his tale of pity ;
But the master, scoffing, witty,
Check'd his strain with scornful jeer :
" Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,
" Canst thou guide thy gains of summer ?—
" No, thou old intruding thrummer,
" Thou canst have no lodging here."

Slow the bard departed, sighing;
Wounded worth forbade replying;
One last feeble effort trying,
Faint he sunk no more to rise.
Through his harp the breeze sharp ringing,
Wild his dying dirge was singing,
While his soul, from insult springing,
Sought its mansion in the skies.

Now, though wintry winds be blowing,
Night be foul, with raining, snowing,
Still the trav'ller, that way going,
Shuns the inn upon the moor
Though within 'tis warm and cheery,
Though without 'tis cold and dreary,
Still he minds the minstrel weary,
Spurn'd from that unfriendly door.

THE DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

Gaelic Air—Mor nian a Ghibarlan.

Blithe was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O,
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! waes me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,
The laird's wys'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O,
Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blae-berry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O,
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,
Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie, O,
I will leave you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

POOR TOM, FARE THEE WELL.

Arranged by Smith.

'Mongst life's many cares, there is none so provoking,
As when a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking
Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold;
Poor Tom, once so high on the list of deserving,
By captain and crew, none so dearly were prized,
At home now laid up, worn with many years serving,
Poor Tom takes his sup, and poor Tom is despised.

Yet, Care thrown a-lee, see old Tom in his glory,
Plac'd snug with a shipmate, whose life once he saved,
Recounting the feats of some bold naval story,
The battles they fought, and the storms they had braved.
In his country's defence he has dared every danger,
His valorous deeds he might boast undisguised,
Yet home-hearted landsmen hold Tom as a stranger,
Poor Tom loves his sup, and poor Tom is despised.

Myself too am old, rather rusted for duty,
Yet still I'll prefer the wide ocean to roam,
I'd join some bold corsair, and live upon booty,
Before I'd be jibed by these sucklings at home.

Poor Tom, fare thee well! for, by heaven, 'tis provoking,
When thus a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking,
Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold.

DESPAIRING MARY.

Set to music by Smith.

"MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?
See, a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw;
Blithe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
Blithe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw."
"How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure,
Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane;
Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

"This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break:
Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ening,
Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
Peace to this bosom can never return.

"Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.
Cruel Remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wreck me,
Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
Cruel Remembrance, in pity forsake me,
Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!"

Smith says, "The music published with this song was originally composed for other words, but Tannahill took a fancy to the air, and immediately wrote 'Despairing Mary' for it, which, being the better song, was adopted. The opening of the melody is too like the first part of 'The Flowers o' the Forest,' to lay claim to great originality, but after it was composed I never could please myself with any alteration I attempted to make, so it remains as it was first sketched."—'Harp of Renfrewshire,' p. xxxvi.—Ed.

FRAGMENT

OF A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Air—Fingal's Lamentation.

"Wild drives the bitter northern blast,
Fierce whirling wide the crispy snaw,
Young lassie, turn your wand'ring steps,
For e'ening's gloom begins to fa':
I'll take ye to my father's ha',
And shield you from the wintry air,
For, wand'ring through the drifting snaw,
I fear ye'll sink to rise nae mair."

"Ah! gentle lady, airt my way
Across this langsome, lonely moor,
For he wha's dearest to my heart,
Now waits me on the western shore:
With morn he spreads his outward sail,
This night I vow'd to meet him there,
To take ae secret fond fareweel,
We maybe part to meet nae mair."

"Dear lassie, turn—'twill be your dead!
The deary waste lies far and wide;
Abide till morn, and then ye'll ha'e
My father's herd-boy for your guide."

"No, lady,—no! I maun na' turn,
Impatient Love now chides my stay;
Yon rising moon, with kindly beam,
Will light me on my weary way."

* * * * * * *

Ah! Donald, wherefore bounds thy heart!
Why beams with joy thy wishful e'e?
Yon's but thy true love's fleeting form,
Thy true love mair thou'lt never see.
Deep in the hollow glen she lies,
Amang the snaw, beneath the tree;
She soundly sleeps in death's cauld arms,
A victim to her love for thee.

NOW WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

Air—Forneth House.

Now Winter, wi' his cloudy brow,
Is far ayont yon mountains,
And Spring beholds her azure sky
Reflected in the fountains:
Now, on the budding slaethorn bank,
She spreads her early blossom,
And wooes the mirly-breasted birds
To nestle in her bosom.

But lately a' was clad wi' snaw,
Sae darksome, dull, and dreary,
Now laverocks sing to hail the spring,
And Nature all is cheery.
Then let us leave the town, my love,
And seek our country dwelling,
Where waving woods, and spreading flow'rs,
On ev'ry side are smiling.

We'll tread again the daisied green,
  Where first your beauty mov'd me ;
We'll trace again the woodland scene,
  Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me :
We soon will view the roses blaw
  In a' the charms of fancy,
For doubly dear these pleasures a',
  When shar'd with thee, my Nancy.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Air—Lord Balgonie's Favourite.

Arranged by Smith.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlan' breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
  The mavis sings fu' cheery, O ;
Sweet the crawflower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
  My young, my artless deary, O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
  'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
  Adorn the banks sae briery, O ;
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
  And ilka thing is cheery, O ;

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna' bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

This melody was published in Nathaniel Gow's collection, under the name of "Lord Balgonie's Favourite," as a very ancient air. Afterwards, however, it was claimed by Alexander Campbell, who asserts, in Albyn's Anthology, vol. i., that it was originally composed by him as a strathspey.

The song, "Gloomy Winter's now Awa'," was written by Tannahill for Smith, who adapted the melody to the words, and published it in the key of C Minor about the year 1808. It became very popular, and was the reigning favourite in Edinburgh for a considerable time. Twenty years afterwards, when the song was, comparatively speaking, forgotten, its popularity was renewed from the inimitable manner of Miss E. Paton's singing; and Smith was induced to publish a new edition with an entirely new arrangement, and a third lower, and more suitable for the generality of voices.—Ed.

WHILE THE GREY-PINION'D LARK.

While the grey-pinion'd lark early mounts to the skies,
And cheerily hails the sweet dawn,
And the sun, newly ris'n, sheds the mist from his eyes,
And smiles over mountain and lawn;
Delighted I stray by the fairy-wood side,
Where the dew-drops the crowflowers adorn,
And Nature, array'd in her midsummer's pride,
Sweetly smiles to the smile of the morn.

Ye dark waving plantings, ye green shady bowers,
Your charms ever varying I view;
My soul's dearest transports, my happiest hours,
Have owed half their pleasures to you.

Sweet Ferguslie, hail! thou'rt the dear sacred grove,
Where first my young Muse spread her wing;
Here Nature first waked me to rapture and love,
And taught me her beauties to sing.

WHEN JOHN AND I WERE MARRIED.

Air—Clean Pease-strae.

When John and I were married,
Our hau'ding was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carline,
Wou'd gi'e us nocht ava';
I wair't my fee wi' canny care,
As far as it would gae,
But weel I wat our bridal bed
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We're come to what you see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eident aye were we.
The lowe of love made labour light,
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down, at e'en,
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' ye should make your bridal bed
Of clean pease-strae.

MINE AIN DEAR SOMEBODY.

Air—Were I obliged to beg.

When gloaming treads the heels of day,
And birds sit cow'ring on the spray,
Alang the flowery hedge I stray
To meet mine ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
The clover bloom, the dewy green,
A' charm me, as I rove at e'en,
To meet mine ain dear somebody.

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
Let mad Ambition tow'r for fame,
I'm happier in my lowly hame,
Obscurely blest with somebody.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

Air—The Shepherd's Son.

The midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa',
The pairtricks down the rushy holm,
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting, gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky,
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the ling'ring day ;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.—
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Although this has never acquired much popularity as a song, we think that for trueness to nature, and beauty of expression, it must be ranked as one of the happiest of the author's efforts.—Ed.

WHY UNITE TO BANISH CARE?

Air—Let us Taste the sparkling Wine.

Why unite to banish Care?
Let him come our joys to share ;
Doubly blest our cup shall flow,
When it soothes a brother's woe ;
'Twas for this the pow'rs divine
Crown'd our board with generous wine.

Far be hence the sordid elf
Who'd claim enjoyment for himself;
Come, the hardy seaman, lame,
The gallant soldier, robb'd of fame ;—

Welcome all who bear the woes
Of various kind that merit knows.
Patriot heroes, doom'd to sigh,
Idle 'neath corruption's eye ;
Honest tradesmen, credit-worn,
Pining under fortune's scorn ;
Wanting wealth, or lacking fame,
Welcome all that worth can claim.

Come, the hoary-headed sage,
Suff'ring more from want than age ;
Come, the proud, though needy bard,
Starving 'midst a world's regard :
Welcome, welcome, one and all
That feel on this unfeeling ball.

Many an expedient has been resorted to by the poets for the disposal of so gloomy a personage as Care. Burns gained the admiration of all jolly topers by making him,

——mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown himsel' amang the nappy.

Our good-natured bard, by inviting him to participate in the festivities, surely evinced a more hospitable disposition.

A melancholy interest is attached to this little effusion : it was Tannahill's last production. This we state on the authority of Smith ; 'Harp,' p. xl. The two last stanzas have not appeared in any former edition. They are taken from a manuscript copy furnished by the author to his friend.—Ed.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Air—The auld Wife o' the Glen.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet ;
'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade;
And, at kirk or at market, or bridals, I ween,
A braw gawcier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a muckle blackboyd,
It was slouch'd just a kenning on either hand side;
Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,
It had something o' baith as a body may trow.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava;
Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
Though in life a' the warld beside it were fools;
Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that will miss't.

There are some still in life wha eternally blame—
Wha on *buts* and on *ifs* rear their fabric o' fame:
Unto such I inscribe this most elegant sonnet—
Sae let them be crowned wi' Rab Roryson's bonnet!*

BARROCHAN JEAN.

Air—Johnnie M'Gill.

'Tis ha'ena ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean!
And ha'ena ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean!
How death and starvation came o'er the haill nation,
She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky een.

* The concluding stanza, which will not be found in former editions, is taken from a letter to King, 9th May, 1809.—Ed.

The lads and the lasses were deeing in dizzens,
The tane kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen ;
The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the mawing,—
A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean !

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
Sic coming and ganging there never was seen ;
The comers were cheery, the gangers were blearie,
Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.

The carlines at hame were a' girning and graning,
The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en,
They gat naething for crowdy but runts boil'd to sowdie,
For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their descriving,
The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin,
But they looket sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
I was sure they were deeing for Barrochan Jean.

The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,
Yet a' wadna slocken the drouth i' their skin ;
A' around the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke-backs,
E'en the winds were a' sighing, "Sweet Barrochan Jean!"

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clean,
Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
Sic thousands were deeing for Barrochan Jean.

But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-Brodie,
The grass owre their graffs is now bonnie and green,
He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
And spoil'd a' the charm o' her twa pawky een.

Of the origin of this amusing extravaganza, we find the following account in a letter to Barr, 24th December,

1809 : " You will no doubt have frequently observed how much some old people are given to magnify the occurrences of their young days. ' Barrochan Jean,' was written on hearing an old grannie, in Lochwinnoch parish, relating a story something similar to the subject of the song : perhaps I have heightened her colouring a little."—Ed.

AH! SHEELAH, THOU'RT MY DARLING.

Air—Nancy Vernon.

Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
The golden image of my heart ;
How cheerless seems this morning,—
It brings the hour when we must part ;
Though doom'd to cross the ocean,
And face the proud insulting foe,
Thou hast my soul's devotion,
My heart is thine where'er I go ;
Ah ! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
My heart is thine where'er I go.

When toss'd upon the billow,
And angry tempests round me blow,
Let not the gloomy willow
O'ershade thy lovely lily brow :
But mind the seaman's story,
Sweet William and his charming Sue ;
I'll soon return with glory,
And like sweet William wed thee too :
Ah ! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
My heart is thine where'er I go.

Think on our days of pleasure,
While wand'ring by the Shannon side,
When summer days gave leisure
To stray amidst their flow'ry pride :

And while thy faithful lover
Is far upon the stormy main,
Think, when the wars are over,
These golden days shall come again;
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
These golden days shall come again.

Farewell, ye lofty mountains,
Your flow'ry wilds we wont to rove;
Ye woody glens and fountains,
The dear retreats of mutual love.—
Alas! we now must sever—
O! Sheelah, to thy vows be true!
My heart is thine for ever—
One fond embrace, and then adieu;
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
One fond embrace and then adieu.

MOLLY, MY DEAR.

Air—Miss Molly.

The harvest is o'er, and the lads are so funny,
Their hearts lin'd with love, and their pockets with money;
From morning to night 'tis, "My jewel, my honey,"
"Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my dear!"

Young Dermot holds on with his sweet botheration,
And swears there is only one flow'r in the nation;
"Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of creation,
"Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my dear!

"The sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the ocean,
"The moon to thy charms veils her face in devotion;
"And I, my poor self, och! so rich is my notion,
"Would pay down the world for sweet Molly, my dear."

Though Thady can match all the lads with his blarney,
And sings me love songs of the Lakes of Killarney,
In worth for my Dermot he's twenty miles journey,
My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear.

ONE NIGHT IN MY YOUTH.

Air—The Lass that wears Green.

One night in my youth as I rov'd with my merry pipe,
List'ning the echoes that rung to the tune,
I met with Kitty More, with her two lips so cherry-ripe,
Phelim, says she, give us Ellen Aroon.
Dear Kitty, says I, thou'rt so charmingly free!
Now, if thou wilt deign thy sweet voice to the measure.
'Twill make all the echoes run giddy with pleasure,
For none in fair Erin can sing it like thee.

My chanter I plied, with my heart beating gaily,
I pip'd up the strain, while so sweetly she sung,
The soft melting melody fill'd all the valley,
The green woods around us in harmony rung,
Methought that she verily charm'd up the moon!
And now as I wander in village or city,
When good people call for some favourite ditty,
I cheer my old heart with sweet Ellen Aroon.

YE FRIENDLY STARS THAT RULE THE NIGHT

Air—Gamby Ora.

Ye friendly stars that rule the night,
And hail my glad returning,
Ye never shone so sweetly bright,
Since gay St. Patrick's morning.

My life hung heavy on my mind,
Despair sat brooding o'er me;
Now all my cares are far behind,
And joy is full before me.

CHORUS.

Gamby orá! Gamby ora!*
How my heart approves me!
Gamby ora! Gamby ora!
Cathleen owns she loves me!

Were all the flow'ry pastures mine,
That deck fair Limerick county,
That wealth, dear Cathleen, should be thine,
And all should share our bounty.
But Fortune's gifts I value not,
Nor Grandeur's highest station,
I would not change my happy lot
For all the Irish nation.

CHORUS.

Gamby ora! Gamby ora!
How my heart approves me,
Gamby ora! Gamby ora!
Cathleen owns she loves me!

PEGGY O'RAFFERTY.

Air—Paddy O'Rafferty.

O COULD I fly like the green-coated fairy,
I'd skip o'er the ocean to dear Tipperary,
Where all the young fellows are blithsome and merry,
While here I lament my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty;

* *Gamby ora*, literally, *Gabhaidh mi oran*, means "I will sing."—ED.

How could I bear in my bosom to leave her!
In absence I think her more lovely than ever;
With thoughts of her beauty I'm all in a fever,
Since others may woo my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Scotland, thy lasses are modest and bonny,
But here every Jenny has got her own Johnny,
And though I might call them my jewel and honey,
My heart is at home with sweet Peggy O'Rafferty;
Wistful I think on my dear native mountains,
Their green shady glens, and their crystalline fountains,
And ceaseless I heave the deep sigh of repentance,
That ever I left my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Fortune, 'twas thine all the light foolish notion,
That led me to rove o'er the wide-rolling ocean,
But what now to me all thy hopes of promotion,
Since I am so far from sweet Peggy O'Rafferty:
Grant me as many thirteens as will carry me
Down through the country, and over the ferry,
I'll hie me straight home into dear Tipperary,
And never more leave my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

In a letter to Mr George Thomson, with this song, and the two which immediately precede it, dated 3d July, 1809, Tannahill says, "I have gleaned the three preceding airs for you. You may depend on their being genuine Hibernians. I had them taken down from the voice. The songs usually sung to them are as low stuff as can be. I am firmly of opinion, that the very popular air of 'Peggy O'Rafferty' is worthy of being adopted into the singing class, provided a good song can be had for it. I shall be glad to know your mind of it, and how my verses please you. 'The Lass that wears Green' is surely a fine little air. My song to it, and the one following, are just warm from the Parnassian mint. I cannot as yet guess how they stand."—Ed.

THE IRISH FARMER.

Air—Sir John Scott's Favourite.

Dear Judy, when first we got married,
Our fortune indeed was but small,
For save the light hearts that we carried,
Our riches were nothing at all.
I sung while I rear'd up the cabin,
Ye pow'rs, give me vigour and health!
And a truce to all sighing and sobbing,
For love is Pat Mulligan's wealth.

Through summer and winter so dreary
I cheerily toil'd on the farm,
Nor ever once dream'd growing weary,
For love gave my labour its charm.
And now, though 'tis weak to be vaunty,
Yet here let us gratefully own,
We live amidst pleasure and plenty,
As happy's the king on the throne.

We've Murdoch, and Patrick, and Connor,
As fine little lads as you'll see,
And Kitty, sweet girl, 'pon my honour,
She's just the dear picture of thee.
Though some folks may still under-rate us,
Ah! why should we mind them a fig,
We've a large swinging field of potatoes,
A good drimindu * and a pig.

* *Drimindu*, or more properly *drimindubh*, (black back) a name for the cow.—Ed.

* Dear Judy, I've taken a thinking,
The children their letters must learn,
And we'll send for old father O'Jenkin
To teach them three months in the barn ;
For learning's the way to promotion,
'Tis culture brings fruit from the sod,
And books give a fellow a notion
How matters are doing abroad.

Though father neglected my reading,
Kind soul! sure his spirit's in rest,
For the very first part of his breeding,
Was still to relieve the distrest ;
And late, when the trav'ller benighted,
Besought hospitality's claim,
We lodg'd him 'till morning, delighted,
Because 'twas a lesson to them.

The man that wont feel for another,
Is just like a colt on the moor,
He lives without knowing a brother
To frighten bad luck from his door.
But he that's kind-hearted and steady,
Though wintry misfortune should come,
He'll still find some friend who is ready,
To scare the old witch from his home.

Success to Ould Ireland for ever!
'Tis just the dear land to my mind,
Her lads are warm-hearted and clever,
Her girls are all handsome and kind ;

* In former editions this and the following stanzas were printed as a separate song, under the title of "Dear Judy," contrary to the intention of the author, as appears from his manuscript now before us.—Ed.

And he that her name would bespatter,
By wishing the French safely o'er,
May the de'il blow him over the water,
And make him cook frogs for the core!

In a letter to Mr G. Thomson concerning this song, 3d July, 1809, the author says, "The air designed for it is unquestionably Irish, and I believe some publisher on this side the water has given it the name of Sir John Scott's favourite."—Ed.

ADIEU! YE CHEERFUL NATIVE PLAINS.

Air—The green woods of Treugh.

Adieu! ye cheerful native plains,
Dungeon glooms receive me,
Nought, alas! for me remains,
Of all the joys ye gave me—
All are flown!
Banish'd from thy shores, sweet Erin,
I, through life, must toil, despairing,
Lost and unknown.

Howl, ye winds, around my cell,
Nothing now can wound me,
Mingling with your dreary swell,
Prison groans surround me,—
Bodings wild—
Treachery, thy ruthless doing
Long I'll mourn in hopeless ruin,
Lost and exil'd.

THE DIRGE OF CAROLAN.

Irish Air—The fair Maid of Wicklow.

'Ye maids of green Erin, why sigh ye so sad?
The summer is smiling, all nature is glad."
'The summer may smile, and the shamrock may bloom,
But the pride of green Erin lies cold in the tomb;
And his merits demand all the tears that we shed,
Though they ne'er can awaken the slumbering dead,
Yet still they shall flow—for dear Carolan we mourn,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.

Ye bards of our isle, join our grief with your songs,
For the deepest regret to his mem'ry belongs;
In our cabins and fields, on our mountains and plains,
How oft have we sung to his sweet melting strains!
Ah! these strains shall survive, long as time they shall last,
Yet they now but remind us of joys that are past;
And our days, crown'd with pleasure, can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.

Yes, thou pride of green Erin, thy honours thou'lt have,
Seven days, seven nights, we shall weep round thy grave!
And thy harp, that so oft to our ditties has rung,
To the lorn-sighing breeze o'er thy grave shall be hung!
And the song shall ascend, thy bright worth to proclaim,
That thy shade may rejoice in the voice of thy fame:
But our days, crown'd with pleasure, can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in thine urn."

"Carolan is the most celebrated of all the modern Irish bards. He was born in the village of Nobber, county of Westmeath, in 1670, and died in 1739. He never regretted the loss of his sight, but used gaily to say, 'My eyes are only transported into my ears.' It has been said of his music, by O'Connor, the celebrated historian, who knew him intimately, that so happy, so elevated, was he in some

of his compositions, he attained the approbation of that great master, Geminiani, who never saw him. His execution, too, on the harp, was rapid and impressive, far beyond that of all the professional competitors of the age in which he lived. The charms of women, the pleasures of conviviality, and the power of poesy and music, were at once his theme and inspiration; and his life was an illustration of his theory; for, until his last ardour was chilled by death, he loved, drank, and sang. While in the fervour of composition, he was constantly heard to pass sentence on his own effusions, as they arose on his harp, or breathed from his lips; blaming and praising, with equal vehemence, the unsuccessful effort and felicitous attempt. He was the welcome guest of every house, from the peasant to the prince, but, in the true wandering spirit of his profession, he never stayed to exhaust that welcome. He lived and died poor."

This note is taken from "The Wild Irish Girl," by Miss Owenson, (now Lady Morgan).—Ed.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Air—Sleepy Maggie.

CHORUS.

"O ARE ye sleeping, Maggie?
O are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock-craigie:
Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry,*
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie? &c.

* "The carry" means, in Scotland, the direction in which the clouds are *carried* by the wind. In the above passage the author, by a poetical license, uses it to denote the firmament or sky. —Ed.

Fearful soughs the bour-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry of howlets makes me eerie.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie ? &c.

Aboon my breath I darna' speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,—
O rise, rise, my bonny lady !
O are ye sleeping, Maggie ?" &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie ;
" Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye."

CHORUS.

" Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For bour-tree bank, or warlock craigie !"

O ROW THEE IN MY HIGHLAND PLAID.

Arranged by Ross of Aberdeen.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad with snow,
Where, beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep ?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery Spring
Will gar a' our plantings ring ;

Soon our bonny heather braes
Will put on their summer claise;
On the mountain's sunny side,
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,
Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
Then we'll seek the caller shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonny boat,
Skim the loch in canty glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride;—
O row thee in my Highland plaid!

"Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart would break at our fareweel,
Lang your love has made me fain,
Take me—take me for your ain!"
Across the Firth, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

THE HIGHLANDER'S INVITATION:

A Parody on Moore's song of "Will you come to the bow'r."

Will you come to the board I've prepared for you?
Your drink shall be good, of the true Highland blue,
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come to the board?
There each shall be great as her own native lord.

There'll be plenty of pipe, and a glorious supply
Of the good sneesh-te-bacht, and the fine cut-an-dry,
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come then at e'en?
There be some for the stranger, but more for the frien'.

There we'll drink foggy Care to his gloomy abodes,
And we'll smoke till we sit in the clouds like the gods;
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, wont you do so?
'Tis the way that our forefathers did long ago.

And we'll drink to the Cameron, we'll drink to Lochiel,
And, for Charlie, we'll drink all the French to the de'il.
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, drink there until
There be heads lie like peats if hersel' had her will!

There be groats on the land, there be fish in the sea,
And there's fouth in the coggie for friendship and me;
Come then, Donald, come then, Callum, come then to-night,
Sure the Highlander be first in the fuddle and the fight.

MY MARY.

Air—Invercauld's Reel.

My Mary is a bonny lassie,
Sweet as dewy morn,
When Fancy tunes her rural reed,
Beside the upland thorn:

She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
Where flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
Where spreading birks and hazels throw
Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis no the streamlet-skirted wood,
Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
That gars me wait in solitude
Among the wild-sprung flow'rs;
But aft I cast a langing e'e,
Down frae the bank out-owre the lea,
There haply I my lass may see,
As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonnie lassie
Coming frae the town,
We raptur'd sunk in ither's arms
And prest the breckans down;
The pairtrick sung his e'ening note,
The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,*
While there the heav'nly vow I got
That arl't her my own.

* We suspect that Tannahill inadvertently wrote "rye-craik," for "corn-craik," and thereby misled Dr Jamieson, who, in his Supplement, gives the former as "a provincial designation for the land-rail, Renfrewshire," and quotes the above passage, and it alone, as the authority. We cannot discover that the name "rye-craik," is known either in Renfrewshire or elsewhere in Scotland. James Grahame, who was a native of the neighbouring city of Glasgow, and a contemporary of Tannahill, and who spent part of his childhood on the banks of the Cart, calls it the "corn-craik," in *The Birds of Scotland*, p. 68:—

"Poor bird, though harsh thy note, I love it well!
It tells of summer eves," &c.

—Ed.

RESPONSIVE, YE WOODS.

Air—My time, O ye Muses.

Responsive, ye woods, wing your echoes along,
Till nature, all sad, weeping, listen my song,
Till flocks cease their bleating, and herds cease to low,
And the clear winding rivulet scarce seem to flow ;
For fair was the flower that once gladden'd our plains,
Sweet rose-bud of virtue, ador'd by our swains ;
But fate, like a blast from the chill wintry wave,
Has laid my sweet flower in yon cold silent grave.

Her warm feeling breast did with sympathy glow,
In innocence pure as the new mountain snow ;
Her face was more fair than the mild apple-bloom ;
Her voice sweet as hope whisp'ring pleasures to come.
Ah Mary, my love ! wilt thou never return !
'Tis thy William who calls—burst the bands of thine urn '
Together we'll wander—poor wretch, how I rave !
My Mary lies low in the lone silent grave.

Yon tall leafy planes throw a deep solemn shade
O'er the dear holy spot where my Mary is laid,
Lest the light wanton sunbeams obtrude on the gloom
That lorn love and friendship have wove round her tomb ·
Still there let the mild tears of nature remain,
Till calm dewy Evening weep o'er her again ;
There oft I will wander—no boon now I crave,
But to weep life away o'er her dark silent grave.

THE DEFEAT.

From hill to hill the bugles sound
The soul-arousing strain,
The war-bred coursers paw the ground,
And, foaming, champ the rein :

Their steel-clad riders bound on high,
A bold defensive host,
With valour fir'd, away they fly,
Like light'ning, to the coast.

And now they view the wide-spread lines
Of the invading foe,
Now skill with British brav'ry joins,
To strike one final blow :
Now on they rush with giant stroke—
Ten thousand victims bleed—
They trample on the iron yoke
Which France for us decreed.

Now view the trembling vanquish'd crew
Kneel o'er their prostrate arms ;
Implore respite of vengeance due
For all these dire alarms :
Now, while Humanity's warm glow,
Half weeps the guilty slain,
Let conquest gladden every brow,
And god-like Mercy reign.

Thus Fancy paints that awful day—
Yes, dreadful, should it come !
But Britain's sons, in stern array,
Shall brave its darkest gloom.
Who fights his native rights to save,
His worth shall have its claim ;
The bard will consecrate his grave,
And give his name to fame.

Written at the time of the threatened invasion by France, in the beginning of this century.—Ed.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Air—Maids of Arrochar.

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou can'st never give pleasure again ;
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain.
Ah! base-hearted treachery has doom'd our undoing,—
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do ?
Even valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

In these verses the author has failed to give suitable expression to the feelings of that "great patriot hero, ill requited chief," whose name and whose deeds are still, at the distance of five hundred years, so freshly and so honourably remembered by the whole Scottish people. Hear our national bard :—

> "At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
> But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
> Oft have our fearless fathers strode
> By Wallace' side,
> Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
> Or glorious dy'd."

Tannahill had his own misgivings as to his success in this effort. It seems that he had written other verses, to accompany the same beautiful and plaintive air, but which

not pleasing himself, he had substituted the above. In a letter to James Barr, 19th July, 1806, he says: "According to promise, I send you two verses for the 'Maids of Arrochar;' perhaps they are little better than the last. I believe the language is too weak for the subject; however, they possess the advantage over the others of being founded on a real occurrence. The battle of Falkirk was Wallace's last, in which he was defeated with the loss of almost his whole army. I am sensible that to give words suitable to the poignancy of his grief, on such a trying reverse of fortune, would require all the fire and soul-melting energy of a Campbell, or a Burns." In the opinion thus modestly expressed, Tannahill was right. Besides, the utterance, even in that dark hour, of language so feeble and desponding, is not consistent with the stern and unyielding character of the indomitable assertor of our country's independence.—Ed.

MY HEART IS SAIR WI' HEAVY CARE.

Air—The rosy brier.

My heart is sair wi' heavy care,
To think on Friendship's fickle smile;
It blinks a wee, wi' kindly e'e,
When warld's thrift rins weel the while;
But, let Misfortune's tempests low'r,
It soon turns cauld, it soon turns sour
It looks sae high and scornfully,
It winna ken a poor man's door.

I ance had siller in my purse,
I dealt it out right frank and free,
And hop'd, should Fortune change her course,
That they would do the same for me:
But, weak in wit, I little thought
That Friendship's smiles were sold and bought,
'Till ance I saw, like April snaw,
They wan'd awa' when I had nought.

It's no to see my thread-bare coat,
  It's no to see my coggie toom,
It's no to wair my hindmost groat,
  That gars me fret, and gars me gloom:
But 'tis to see the scornful pride
That honest Poortith aft maun bide
  Frae selfish slaves, and sordid knaves,
Wha strut with Fortune on their side.

But let it gang, what de'il care I!
  With eident thrift I'll toil for mair;
I'll halve my mite with Misery,
  But fient a ane of them shall share:
With soul unbent, I'll stand the stour,
And while they're flutt'ring past my door,
  I'll sing with glee, and let them see
An honest heart can ne'er be poor.

THOUGH HUMBLE MY LOT.

Air—Her sheep had in clusters.

Where primroses spring on the green tufted brae,
  And the riv'let runs murm'ring below,
O! Fortune, at morning, or noon, let me stray,
  And thy wealth on thy vot'ries bestow!
For, O! how enraptur'd my bosom does glow,
  As calmly I wander alane,
Where wild woods, and bushes, and primroses grow,
  And a streamlet enlivens the scene.

Though humble my lot, not ignoble's my state,
  Let me still be contented, though poor;
What Destiny brings, be resign'd to my fate,
  Though Misfortune should knock at my door.

I care not for honour, preferment, nor wealth,
Nor the titles that affluence yields,
While blithely I roam, in the hey-day of health,
'Midst the charms of my dear native fields.

YE DEAR ROMANTIC SHADES.

Air—Mrs Hamilton of Wishaw's strathspey.

Far from the giddy court of mirth,
Where sick'ning follies reign,
By Levern banks I wander forth
To hail each sylvan scene.
All hail, ye dear romantic shades!
Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades!
Here oft the musing poet treads
In Nature's riches great;
Contrasts the country with the town,
Makes nature's beauties all his own,
And, borne on Fancy's wings, looks down
On empty pride and state.

By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
Or sober evening gray,
I'll often quit the dinsome town,
By Levern banks to stray;
Or from the upland's mossy brow,
Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
A sweetly varied scene!
Give riches to the miser's care,
Let Folly shine in Fashion's glare,
Give me the wealth of peace and health,
With all their happy train.

THOU BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA!

Set to music by James Barr.

CHORUS.

THOU bonny wood of Craigie lea!
Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea!
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonny o'er thy flow'ry lea;
And a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green planting's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously;*
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

* The cry of the cushat, or wood-pigeon, is often mentioned by Scottish poets. Thus in the old and once popular allegory of "The Cherrie and the Slae:"

"The cushat croods, the corbie crys."

Alexander Hume, a poet of the same century, (the 16th,) says:

"The cushats on the branches green
Full quietly they crood."

Nearer the present day we have—

"While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry." BURNS.

And—

"Deep-toned——————
The cushat plains; nor is her changeless plaint
Unmusical, when with the general quire
Of woodland harmony, it softly blends." GRAHAME.—ED.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!
Thou bonny wood, &c.

When Winter blaws in sleety show'rs
Frae aff the Norland hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind,
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Smith says,—"The music to 'Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,' was composed by 'blithe Jamie Barr frae St Barchan's toun.' [So he was described in the song of 'The Five Friends,' *postea.*] It does its author great credit. It is a very pleasing and natural melody, and has become, most deservedly, a great favourite all over *the West Kintra side.* I think this little ballad possesses considerable merit; one of its stanzas strikes me as being particularly beautiful:—

'When Winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
Frae aff the Norland hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.'"
—'Harp,' Essay, p. xxxvii.

The scenery, here so finely described, lies to the north-west of Paisley. Since Tannahill's time its beauty has been sadly impaired by the erection of a most unpoetical object, the gas-work.—Ed.

BONNY WINSOME MARY.

Arranged by Smith to a Gaelic air.

Fortune, frowning most severe,
Forc'd me from my native dwelling,
Parting with my friends so dear,
Cost me many a bitter tear:
But, like the clouds of early day,
Soon my sorrows fled away,
When blooming sweet, and smiling gay,
I met my winsome Mary.

Wha can sit with gloomy brow,
Blest with sic a charming lassie?
Native scenes, I think on you,
Yet the change I canna' rue;
Wand'ring many a weary mile,
Fortune seem'd to low'r, the while,
But now she's gi'en me, for the toil,
My bonny winsome Mary.

Though our riches are but few,
Faithful love is aye a treasure—
Ever cheery, kind, and true,
Nane but her I e'er can lo'e.
Hear me, a' ye pow'rs above!
Pow'rs of sacred truth and love!
While I live I'll constant prove
To my dear winsome Mary.

THE FAREWELL.

Air—Lord Gregory.

Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
Of being false to thee,
For I was true, would still been so,
Had'st thou been true to me :
But when I knew thy plighted lips
Once to a rival's prest,
Love-smother'd independence rose,
And spurn'd thee from my breast.

The fairest flow'r in nature's field
Conceals the rankling thorn ;
So thou, sweet flow'r ! as false as fair,
This once kind heart hast torn :
'Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs
That slighted love can feel ;
'Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
Which bids this long farewell.

WITH WAEFU' HEART.

Air—Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.

Arranged by Smith.

With waefu' heart, and sorrowing e'e,
I saw my Jamie sail awa' ;
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
That day he pass'd the Berwick Law :
How joyless now seem'd all behind !
I ling'ring stray'd along the shore ;
Dark boding fears hung on my mind
That I might never see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew ;
In mountains roll'd the awful main—
Ah, hapless maid ! my fears how true !
The landsmen heard their drowning cries,
The wreck was seen with dawning day ;
My love was found, and now he lies
Low in the isle of gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er !
The cavern'd rock shall be my home ;
'Twill ease my burthen'd heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb :
With sweetest flow'rs I'll deck his grave,
And tend them through the langso me year ;
I'll water them, ilk morn and eve,
With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

Arranged by Smith.

Hark ! 'tis the poor maniac's song ;
She sits on yon wild craggy steep,
And while the winds mournfully whistle along,
She wistfully looks o'er the deep ;
And aye she sings, " Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby !"
To hush the rude billows asleep.

She looks to yon rock far at sea,
And thinks it her lover's white sail,
The warm tear of joy glads her wild glist'ning eye,
As she beckons his vessel to hail :
And aye she sings, " Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby !"
And frets at the boisterous gale.

Poor Susan was gentle and fair,
Till the seas robb'd her heart of its joy;
Then her reason was lost in the gloom of despair,
And her charms then did wither and die;
And now her sad "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
Oft wakes the lone passenger's sigh.

YE ECHOES THAT RING.

Arranged by Smith.

Ye echoes that ring round the woods of Bowgreen,
Say, did ye e'er listen sae melting a strain,
When lovely young Jessie gaed wand'ring unseen,
And sung of her laddie, the pride of the plain?
Aye she sung, "Willie, my bonny young Willie!
There's no a sweet flow'r on the mountain or valley,
Mild blue spreckl'd crawflow'r, nor wild woodland lily,
But tines a' its sweets in my bonny young swain.
Thou goddess of love, keep him constant to me,
Else, with'ring in sorrow, poor Jessie shall die!"

Her laddie had stray'd through the dark leafy wood,
His thoughts were a' fix'd on his dear lassie's charms,
He heard her sweet voice, all transported he stood,
'Twas the soul of his wishes—he flew to her arms.
"No, my dear Jessie! my lovely young Jessie!
Through simmer, through winter I'll daut and caress thee,
Thou'rt dearer than life! thou'rt my ae only lassie!
Then, banish thy bosom these needless alarms:
Yon red setting sun sooner changeful shall be,
Ere wav'ring in falsehood I wander frae thee."

WHEN ROSIE WAS FAITHFUL.

Written on reading "The Harper of Mull," a Highland story.

Arranged by Smith.

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by;
I play'd my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang:
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
And the thoughts of her beauty but feeds my despair;
With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast:
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;
Thou wak'd'st me to tortures unequall'd before;
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

The story on which these verses are founded may be thus abridged:—

In the island of Mull there lived a harper who was distinguished for his professional skill, and the affectionate simplicity of his manners. He was attached to Rosie, the

fairest flower of the island, and soon made her his bride. Not long afterwards, he set out on a visit to some low-country friends, accompanied by his Rosie, and carrying his harp, which had been his companion in all his journeys for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night, in a solitary part of the country, a cold faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank, almost lifeless, into the harper's arms. He hastily wrapped his plaid round her shivering frame; but to no purpose. Distracted, he hurried from place to place in search of fuel to revive the dying embers of life. None could be found. His harp lay on the grass, its neglected strings vibrating to the blast. The harper loved it as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and ere long it lay crackling and blazing on the heath. Rosie soon revived under its genial influence, and resumed the journey when morning began to purple the east. Passing down the side of a hill, they were met by a hunter, on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspicious of others, paced slowly along, leaving her in converse with the stranger. Wondering at her delay, he turned round and beheld the faithless fair seated behind the hunter on his steed, which speedily bore them out of sight. The unhappy harper, transfixed in astonishment, gazed at them. Then, slowly turning his steps homewards, he sighing exclaimed,—'*Fool that I was, to burn my harp for her!*'—Ed.

THE NEGRO GIRL.

Arranged by Ross of Aberdeen.

Yon poor Negro girl, an exotic plant,
  Was torn from her dear native soil,
Reluctantly borne o'er the raging Atlant,
  Then brought to Britannia's isle.
Tho' Fatima's mistress be loving and kind,
  Poor Fatima still must deplore;
She thinks on her parents, left weeping behind,
  And sighs for her dear native shore.

She thinks on her Zadi, the youth of her heart,
Who from childhood was loving and true.
How he cried on the beach, when the ship did depart!
'Twas a sad everlasting adieu.
The shell-woven gift which he bound round her arm,
The rude seaman unfeelingly tore,
Nor left one sad relic her sorrows to charm,
When far from her dear native shore.

And now, all dejected, she wanders apart,
No friend, save retirement, she seeks,
The sigh of despondency bursts from her heart,
And tears dew her thin sable cheeks.
Poor hard-fated girl, long, long she may mourn!
Life's pleasures to her are all o'er,
Far fled ev'ry hope that she e'er shall return
To revisit her dear native shore.

THE BACCHANALIANS.

Encircl'd in a cloud of smoke,
Sat the convivial core;
Like light'ning flash'd the merry joke,
The thund'ring laugh did roar.
Blithe Bacchus pierc'd his fav'rite hoard,
The sparkling glasses shine:
"'Tis this," they cry, "come, sweep the board,
Which makes us all divine."

Apollo tun'd the vocal shell,
With song, with catch, and glee;
The sonorous hall the notes did swell,
And echoed merrily.

Each sordid, selfish, little thought,
For shame itself did drown,
And social love, with every draught,
Approv'd them for her own.

"Come, fill another bumper up,
And drink in Bacchus' praise,
Who sent the kind congenial cup,
Such heavenly joys to raise."
Great Jove, quite mad to see such fun,
At Bacchus 'gan to curse,
And to remind they were but men,
Sent down the fiend Remorse.

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

Written to an ancient Highland air.

Auld Watty of Kebbuckston brae,
With lear and reading of books auld-farren,—
What think ye! the body came owre the day,
And tauld us he's gaun to be married to Mirren :*
We a' got bidding,
To gang to the wedding,
Baith Johnny and Sandy, and Nelly and Nanny ;
And Tam o' the Knowes,
He swears and he vows,
At the dancing he'll face to the bride with his grannie.

A' the lads hae trystet their joes,
Slee Willy came up and ca'd on Nelly ;
Although she was hecht to Geordy Bowse,
She's gi'en him the gunk and she's gaun wi' Willie.

* Mirren—the local pronunciation of the name Marion.—Ed.

Wee collier Johnny
Has yocket his pony,
And's aff to the town for a lading of nappy,
Wi' fouth of good meat
To serve us to eat ;
Sae with fuddling and feasting we'll a' be fu' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
The body's aye ready at dredgies and weddings,
And Flunkie M'Fee, of the Skiverton place,
Is chosen to scutle the pies and the puddings :
For there'll be plenty
Of ilka thing dainty,
Baith lang kail and haggis, and ev'ry thing fitting,
With luggies of beer,
Our wizzens to clear ;
Sae the de'il fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the meeting.

Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun,
That his auld gutcher bore when he follow'd Prince Charlie :
The barrel was rustet as black as the grun,
But he's ta'en't to the smiddy and's fettl'd it rarely.
With wallets of pouther,
His musket he'll shouther,
And ride at our head, to the bride's a' parading ;
At ilka farm town
He'll fire them three roun',
Till the haill kintra ring with the Kebbuckston Wedding.

Jamie and Johnnie maun ride the bruse,
For few like them can sit in the saddle ;
And Willie Ga'breath, the best o' bows,*
Is trysted to jig in the barn with his fiddle :

* William Galbreath, whose services as a violin player were put in requisition on festive occasions all the country round. He

With whisking and flisking,
And reeling and wheeling,
The young anes a' like to loup out of the body ;
And Neilie MacNairn,
Though sair forfairn,
He vows that he'll wallop twa sets with the howdie.

Sawney MacNab, wi' his tartan trews,
Has hecht to come down in the midst of the caper,
And gi'e us three wallops of merry shantrews,
With the true Highland fling of Macrimmon the piper:
Sic hipping and skipping,
And springing and flinging,
I'se wad that there's nane in the Lawlands can waff it!
Faith! Willie maun fiddle,
And jirgum and diddle,
And screed till the sweat fa's in beads frae his haffet.

Then gi'e me your hand, my trusty good frien',
And gi'e me your word, my worthy auld kimmer,
Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen,
And join us in ranting and tooming the timmer :
With fouth of good liquor,
We'll haud at the bicker,
And lang may the mailing of Kebbuckston flourish!
For Watty's sae free,
Between you and me,
I'se warrant he's bidden the half of the parish.

---

lived during the greater part of his days in Kilbarchan, where he, after an interval of two centuries, worthily filled the situation of its renowned piper, Habbie Simpson. William had a *buirdly*, personable figure, but, unhappily, was blind from infancy. Tannahill listened with great pleasure to his strains ; and Smith had a good opinion of his abilities and named a tune after him. Latterly he resided in Johnston, where he died on 13th May, 1835, aged 63.—Ed.

The humour and spirit of this production are so appropriate, that it is to be regretted the author did not write more in the same vein. The bill of fare, and the description of the guests, will bring Francis Sempill's song of 'The Blithesome Bridal,' to the recollection of those readers who are acquainted with Scottish poetry of the seventeenth century.—Ed.

I MARK'D A GEM OF PEARLY DEW.

I mark'd a gem of pearly dew,
While wand'ring near yon misty mountain,
Which bore the tender flow'r so low,
It dropp'd it off into the fountain.
So thou hast wrung this gentle heart,
Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
It sighing found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
Thy vows were as the passing wind,
That fans the flow'r, then dies for ever.
And think not that this gentle heart,
Though in its core 'twas proud to wear thee,
Shall longer droop beneath thy art;—
No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

Tannahill and Smith once went on a fishing excursion with some acquaintances. The two friends being but tyros soon grew weary of lashing the water to no purpose, and separated for a little, each to amuse himself in his own fashion. When Smith rejoined the poet, he was shown this song written with a pencil. Tannahill had been occupied observing a blade of grass bending under the weight of a dew-drop, and this trifling object had suggested to him the simile embodied in the song.—Ed.

THE BARD OF GLEN-ULLIN.

Tho' my eyes are grown dim, and my locks are turn'd grey,
I feel not the storm of life's bleak wintry day;
For my cot is well thatch'd, and my barns are full stor'd,
And cheerful Content still presides at my board:
Warm-hearted Benevolence stands at my door,
Dispensing her gifts to the wandering poor;
The glow of the heart does my bounty repay,
And lightens the cares of life's bleak wintry day.

From the summit of years I look down on the vale,
Where Age pines in sorrow, neglected and pale;
There the sunshine of Fortune scarce deign'd to bestow
One heart-cheering smile on the wand'rers below:
From the sad dreary prospect, this lesson I drew,
That those who are helpless, are friended by few;
So with vig'rous industry I smooth'd the rough way,
That leads through the vale of life's bleak wintry day,

Then, my son, let the Bard of Glen-Ullin advise,
(For years can give counsel, experience makes wise)
'Midst thy wand'rings, let honour for aye be thy guide,
O'er thy actions let honesty ever preside:
Then, though hardships assail thee, in virtue thou'lt smile,
For light is the heart that's untainted with guile;
But, if Fortune attend thee, my counsels obey,
Prepare for the storms of life's bleak wintry day.

THE COGGIE.

Air—Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

When Poortith cauld, and sour Disdain,
Hang owre life's vale sae foggie,
The sun that brightens up the scene,
Is Friendship's kindly coggie :
Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
The friendly, social coggie!
It gars the wheels of life rin light,
Though e'er sae doilt and cloggie.

Let Pride in Fortune's chariots fly,
Sae empty, vain, and vogie ;
The source of wit, the spring of joy,
Lies in the social coggie :
Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
The independent coggie!
And never snool beneath the frown
Of ony selfish rogue.

Poor modest Worth, with cheerless e'e,
Sits hurkling in the boggie,
Till she asserts her dignity
By virtue of the coggie :
Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
The poor man's patron coggie!
It warsels care, it fights life's faughts,
And lifts him frae the boggie.

Gi'e feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
Gi'e France her weel spic'd froggie,
Gi'e brother John his luncheon too,
But gi'e to us our coggie :

Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
Our soul-warm kindred coggie!
Hearts doubly knit in social tie,
When just a wee thought groggie.

In days of yore our sturdy sires,
Upon their hills sae scroggie,
Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,
And fought to save their coggie:
Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
Our brave forefathers' coggie!
It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,
O'er which we'll lang be vogie.

Then, here's—may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
A cringing coward doggie,
But bauldly stand, and bang the loon
Wha'd reave her of her coggie:
Then, O protect the coggie, sirs!
Our gude auld mither's coggie!
Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd
By ony foreign roguie.

THE FIVE FRIENDS.

Air—We're a' noddin.

Weel, wha's in the bouroch, and what is your cheer?
The best that ye'll find in a thousand year;
And we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin fu' at e'en.

There's our ain Jamie Clark, frae the hall of Argyle,
Wi' his leal Scottish heart, and his kind open smile;
And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is Will, the gude fallow, wha kills a' our care,
Wi' his sang an' his joke—and a mutchkin mair;
And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is blithe Jamie Barr, frae St. Barchan's toun,
When wit gets a kingdom, he's sure o' the crown;
And we're a' noddin, &c.

There is Rab, frae the south, wi' his fiddle and his flute,
I could list to his strains till the starns fa' out;
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Apollo, for our comfort, has furnished the bowl,
And here is my bardship as blind as an owl;
For we're a' noddin, &c.

Of this gay and complimentary effusion, Smith has given the following account:—"The little Bacchanalian rant you are so anxious to know the history of, was written in commemoration of a very happy evening, spent by the poet with four of his musical friends. At that meeting he was in high spirits, and his conversation became more than usually animated; many songs were sung, and we had some glee singing, but neither 'fiddle' nor 'flute' made its appearance in company, nor were any of us 'nid, nid, noddin.' We were 'unco happy,' and had just such a 'drappie in our e'e' as enabled us to bid defiance to care for the time being; but the poet thought proper to embellish his song with the old chorus, 'We're a' noddin,' and rather than throw aside a lucky thought, he chose to depict his ain bardship, 'as blind as an owl;' but I assure you this was not the case,—his bardship had all his faculties 'sitting lightly on him.'"—'Harp of Renfrewshire, p. xxxvii.

The "Five Friends" were,—James Clark, the poet's correspondent, who now resides at Campbelton, Argyleshire,—William Stuart, now at Anderston, Glasgow,—James Barr, who lived at Kilbarchan, ('St Barchan's toun,') but went abroad some years ago,—Smith,—and Tannahill himself. To Mr Stuart we are indebted for some interesting information concerning Smith and the poet.—Ed.

YE WOOER LADS WHA GREET AN' GRANE.

Air—Callum Brogach.

Ye wooer lads wha greet an' grane,
Wha preach an' fleech, an' mak' a mane,
An' pine yoursels to skin and bane,
Come a' to Callum Brogach:
I'll learn you here the only art,
To win a bonnie lassie's heart—
Just tip wi' gowd Love's siller dart,
Like dainty Callum Brogach.

I ca'd her aye my sonsie dow,
The fairest flower that e'er I knew;
Yet, like a souple spankie grew,
She fled frae Callum Brogach:
But soon's she heard the guinea ring,
She turn'd as I had been a king,
Wi' "Tak my hand, or ony thing,
Dear, dainty Callum Brogach."

It's gowd can mak' the blind to see,
Can bring respect whare nane would be,
And Cupid ne'er shall want his fee
Frae dainty Callum Brogach:
Nae mair wi' greetin' blind your een,
Nae mair wi' sichin' warm the win',
But hire the gettlin for your frien',
Like dainty Callum Brogach.

Copied from a letter written by the author to Mr John Crawford, Largs, on 17th March, 1810.—Ed.

AND WERE YE AT DUNTOCHER BURN?

And were ye at Duntocher burn,
And did ye see them a', man?
And how's my wifie and the bairns?
I hae been lang awa', man.
That cotton wark's a weary trade,
It does na' suit ava, man;
Wi' lanely house, and lanely bed,
My comforts are but sma', man.

And how's wee Sandy, Pate, and Tam?
Sit down and tak' your blaw, man:
Fey, lassie, rin, fetch in a dram,
To treat my friend, John Lamon'.
For ilka plack you've gi'en to mine,
Your callans shall get twa, man;
O were my heels as licht's my heart,
I soon would see them a', man.

My blessing on her kindly heart,
She likes to see me braw, man;
She's darn'd my hose, and bleach'd my sarks
As white's the driven snaw, man.
And ere the winds o' Martinmas
Sough through the scroggie shaw, man,
I'll lift my weel-hain'd penny fee,
And gang and see them a', man.

This is one of the pieces mentioned in the Memoir, of which only the first stanzas were understood to have been preserved. The remainder of the above, however, has fortunately been recovered from a letter to King, 9th May, 1809, in which the author says; "The above is written on a real occurrence, which fell under my observation, but I doubt the subject is not very well suited for a song; therefore I am the more anxious to have your mind on it,—not in that loose, vague way which goes for little or nothing, but in —— I have shown you a pattern in my last."—Ed.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Air—Holden's Dead March.

Now let the procession move solemn and slow,
While the soft mournful music accords with our wo,
While Friendship's warm tears o'er his ashes are shed,
And soul-melting Memory weeps for the dead.
Kind, good-hearted fellow as ever was known!
So kind and so good every heart was his own;
Now, alas! low in death are his virtues all o'er;
How painful the thought, we will see him no more!

In camp or in quarters he still was the same,
Each countenance brighten'd wherever he came;
When the wars of his country compell'd him to roam,
He cheerful would say, all the world was his home.
And when the fierce conflict of armies began,
He fought like a lion, yet felt as a man;*
For when British bravery had vanquish'd the foe,
He'd weep o'er the dead by his valour laid low.

Ye time-fretted mansions! ye mouldering piles!
Loud echo his praise through your long vaulted aisles;
If haply his shade nightly glide through your gloom,
O tell him our hearts lie with him in the tomb!
And say, though he's gone, long his worth shall remain,
Remember'd, belov'd, by the whole of the men:—
Whoe'er acts like him, with a warm feeling heart,
Friendship's tears drop applause at the close of his part.

This song appeared in the only edition which was published in the author's lifetime, but has hitherto been omitted in the posthumous editions—probably from oversight.—Ed.

* "They bore as heroes, but they felt as man."
Pope's Homer.
"He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man."
Beattie's Hermit.—Author.

MARJORY MILLER.

Louder than the trump of fame
  Is the voice of Marjory Miller ;
Time, the wildest beast can tame,
She's eternally the same :
  Loud the mill's incessant clack,
Loud the clank of Vulcan's hammer,
  Loud the deep-mouth'd cataract,
But louder far her dinsome clamour!
  Nought on earth can equal be
  To the noise of Marjory.

Calm succeeds the tempest's roar,
  Peace does follow war's confusion,
Dogs do bark and soon give o'er,
But she barks for evermore :
  Loud's the sounding bleachfield horn,
But her voice is ten times louder!
  Red's the sun on winter morn,
But her face is ten times redder!
  She delights in endless strife,
  Lord preserve's from such a wife!

The same remark applies to this song as to " The Soldier's Funeral."—Ed.

ALL HAIL! YE DEAR ROMANTIC SCENES.

All hail! ye dear romantic scenes,
  Where oft as eve stole o'er the sky,
Ye've found me by the mountain streams,
  Where blooming wild-flowers charm the eye.

The sun's now setting in the west—
Mild are his beams on hill and plain ;
No sound is heard save Killoch burn,
Deep murm'ring down its woody glen.

Green be thy banks, thou silver stream,
That winds the flowery braes among ;
Where oft I've woo'd the Scottish muse,
And raptur'd wove the rustic song.

NOW WINTER IS GANE.

Air—The fair-haired Child.

Now winter is gane and the clouds flee away,
Yon bonny blue sky how delightfu' to see,
Now linties and blackbirds sing on ilka spray
That flourishes round Woodhouselee :
The hawthorn is blooming,
The soft breeze perfuming,
O come, my dear lassie, the season is gay,
And naething mair lovely can be :
The primrose and lily,
We'll pu' in the valley,
And lean when we like on some gowany brae,
That rises beside Woodhouselee.

Ye mind when the snaw lay sae deep on the hill,
When cauld icy cranreuch hung white on the tree,
When bushes were leafless, and mournfully still
Were the wee birds o' sweet Woodhouselee :
When snaw show'rs were fa'ing,
And wintry winds blawing,
Loud whistling o'er mountain and meadow sae chill,
We mark'd it wi' sorrowing e'e :

But now since the flowers
Again busk the bowers,
O come, my dear lassie, wi' smiling good will,
And wander around Woodhouselee.

In a Selection made by Smith for the use of his pupils, he inserted the above with the following notice :—

" It may be interesting to many to learn that this little song is the joint production of the late Mr John Hamilton, of Edinburgh, and Tannahill. Mr Hamilton wrote the first stanza for an ancient Irish melody, ' The fair-haired Child,' but after several unavailing attempts to proceed further, he applied to Tannahill, through the medium of a friend, (Clark,) for a second verse. In a short time the request was complied with, and the bard sent it to his friend with the following note :—' Mr Hamilton's stanza is admirably suited to the air. In my opinion his lines possess, in an eminent degree, that beautiful, natural simplicity which characterises our best Scottish songs. I have attempted to add a verse to it, but I fear you will think it but a frigid production ; the original one is so complete in itself, that he who tries another to it, labours under the disadvantage of not knowing what to say farther on the subject. However, I give you all that I could make of it.'"—Ed.

FRAGMENTS.

THE following are those Fragments of Songs, mentioned in the Memoir of Tannahill, as having been preserved in a book which he kept.

HEY DONALD! HOW DONALD!

Arranged by Smith to a Gaelic air.

THOUGH simmer smiles on bank and brae,
And nature bids the heart be gay,
Yet a' the joys o' flowery May
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.
Hey Donald! how Donald!
Think upon your vow, Donald!
Mind the heather knowe, Donald!
Whare ye vow'd to love me.

Addition by William Motherwell.

The budding rose and scented brier,
The siller fountain skinkling clear,
The merry lav'rock whistling near,
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.
Hey Donald! &c.

I downa look on bank or brae,
I downa greet whare a' are gay,
But oh! my heart will break wi' wae
Gin Donald cease to love me.
Hey Donald! &c.

The two supplemental stanzas were written by Motherwell, about the year 1820, at the request of Smith, who was fond of the air, which he took down from the voice of a country girl in Arran. Smith afterwards inserted the whole song, as now given, in the second volume of his Scottish Minstrel.—Ed.

MEG O' THE GLEN.

Air—When she cam' ben she bobbit.

Meg o' the glen set aff to the fair,
Wi' ruffles an' ribbons, an' meikle prepare,
Her heart it was heavy, her head it was licht,
For a' the lang way, for a wooer she sicht;
She spak to the lads, but the lads slippet by,
She spak to the lasses, the lasses were shy,
She thocht she might do, but she didna weel ken,
For nane seem'd to care for poor Meg o' the Glen.

Addition by Alexander Rodger.

But wat ye what was't made the lads a' gae by?
An' wat ye what was't made the lasses sae shy?
Poor Meg o' the glen had nae tocher ava,
And therefore could neither be bonny nor braw;
But an uncle wha lang in the Indies had been,
Foreseeing death coming to close his auld een,
Made his will, left her heiress, o' thousand punds ten;
Now, wha is mair thocht o' than Meg o' the glen!

THE LASSIE O' MERRY EIGHTEEN.

My father would hae me to marry the miller,
My mither would hae me to marry the laird,
But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller
That brightens their fancy to ony regard.

The miller is crookit, the miller is crabbit,
The laird, though he's wealthy, he's lyart and lean,
He's auld, an' he's cauld, an' he's blin', an' he's bald,
An' he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen.

Addition by A. Rodger.

But O there's a laddie wha tells me he loes me,
An' him I loe dearly, aye, dearly as life,
Though father an' mither should scauld an' abuse me,
Nae ither shall ever get me for a wife:
Although he can boast na o' land nor yet siller,
He's worthy to match wi' a duchess or queen,
For his heart is sae warm, an' sae stately his form,
An' then, like mysel', he's just merry eighteen."

COME HAME TO YOUR LINGELS.

Air—Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.

Come hame to your lingels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
You're the king of the dyvours, the talk o' the town;
Sae soon as the Munonday morning comes in,
Your wearifu' daidling again maun begin.
Gudewife, ye're a skellat, your tongue's just a bell,
To the peace o' guid fallows it rings the death-knell;
But clack till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
The souter shall aye hae his Munonday's yill.

Addition by A. Rodger.

"Come hame to your lap-stane, come hame to your last,
It's a bonny affair that your family maun fast,
While you and your crew here a-guzzling maun sit,
Ye dais'd drunken guid-for-nocht heir o' the pit;
Just leuk, how I'm gaun without stocking or shoe,
Your bairns a' in tatters, an' fatherless too,

An' yet, quite content, like a sot, ye'll sit still,
Till your kyte's like to crack, wi' your Munonday's yill."

"I tell you, gudewife, gin ye haudna your clack,
I'll lend you a reestle wi' this, owre your back;
Maun we be abused, an' affronted by you,
Wi' siccan foul names as 'loon,' 'dyvour,' an' 'crew?'"
"Come hame to your lingels, this instant come hame,
Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame,
For I'll bring a' the bairns, an' we'll just hae our fill,
As weel as yoursel, o' your Munonday's yill."

"Gin that be the gate o't, sirs, come let us stir,
What need we sit here to be pester'd by her,
For she'll plague an' affront us as far as she can.
Did ever a woman sae bother a man?
Frae yill-house to yill-house she'll after us rin,
An' raise the hail town wi' her yelpin' an' din;
Come ca' the gudewife, bid her bring in her bill,
I see I maun quat takin' Munonday's yill."

BRAVE LEWIE ROY.

An old Gaelic Air.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flower of our Highlandmen,
Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirlich,
Fleet as the light-bounding tenants of Fillin-glen,
Dearer than life to his lovely *nighean choidheach.**
Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,
When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie,
Though manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,
Away from the lady he aye loved so dearly.

* Pronounced *neen voiuch*—beautiful maid.—Ed.

Addition by A. Rodger.

But wo on the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland,
Wo on the blood-thirsty gang that fulfill'd them ;
Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plunder'd land,
Where shall thy children now shelter and shield them ?
Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
Their prey,—the devoted adherents of Charlie ;
Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hack'd and slain—
Ah! his *nighean choidheach* will mourn for him sairly.

O HOW CAN YOU GANG LASSIE.

Air—The bonniest lass in a' the warld.

Arranged by Smith.

O how can you gang, lassie, how can you gang,
O how can you gang sae to grieve me!
Wi' your beauty, and your art, ye hae broken my heart
For I never, never dreamt ye would leave me.

Addition by A. Rodger.

Ah! wha would hae thought that sae bonnie a face
Could e'er wear a smile to deceive me ?
Or that guile in that fair bosom could e'er find a place,
And that you would break your vow thus, and leave me ?

O have ye not mind, when our names you entwined,
In a wreath, round the purse you did weave me ?
Or have you now forgot the once-dear trysting spot,
Where so oft you pledged your faith ne'er to leave me ?

But, changing as wind is your light fickle mind;
Your smiles, tokens, vows, all deceive me ;
No more, then, I'll trust, to such frail painted dust,
But bewail my fate, till kind death relieve me.

Then gang fickle fair to your new-fangled joe,
Yes, gang, and in wretchedness leave me,
But, alas! should you be doomed to a wedlock of wo,
Ah! how would your unhappiness grieve me;

Yet, Mary! all faithless and false as thou art,
Thy spell-binding glances, believe me,
So closely are entwined round this fond foolish heart,
That the grave alone of them can bereave me.

I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEA.

Air - Waly, waly,—old set.

Arranged by Smith.

I'LL lay me on the wintry lea,
And sleep amidst the wind and weet,
And ere another's bride I be,
O bring to me my winding sheet!

What can a hapless lassie do,
When ilka friend wad prove her foe,
Wad gar her break her dearest vow,
To wed wi' ane she canna' loe?

* * * *

FAITHLESS NANNIE.

FULL eighteen summers up life's brae,
I speeded on fu' canny, O,
Till sleeky love threw in my way,
Young, bonny fair-haired Nannie, O.

I woo'd her soon, I wan her syne,
Our vows o' love were mony, O,
And, O what happy days were mine,
Wi' bonnie fair-hair'd Nannie, O!

* * * *

DAVIE TULLOCH'S BONNIE KATIE.

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katie,
Davie's bonnie blithsome Katie,
Tam the laird cam down yestreen,
He socht her love, but gat her pity.

Wi' trembling grip he squeez'd her hand,
While his auld heart gaed pitty-patty;
Aye he thought his gear and land
Wad win the love o' bonnie Katie.

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katie,
Davie's bonnie blithsome Katie,
Aye she smil'd as Tammie wil'd,
Her smile was scorn, yet mixt wi' pity.

* * * *

THE BANKS OF SPEY.

Scenes of my childhood, your wanderer hails you,
Wing'd with rude storms, though the winter assails you,
Bleak and dreary as ye are, ye yet hae charms to cheer me,
For here, amidst my native hills, my bonnie lassie's near me;
'Tis sad to see the wither'd lea, the drumly flooded fountain,
The angry storm in awful form, that sweeps the moor
and mountain;

But frae the surly swelling blast, dear lassie, I'll defend her,
And frae the bonnie banks o' Spey I never more shall wander.

* * * *

THE LASSES A' LEUGH.

Air—Kiss'd yestreen.

THE lasses a' leugh, an' the carline flate,
But Maggie was sitting fu' ourie an' blate ;
The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen,
Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen ;
She blether'd it round to her fae an' her frien',
How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen.

* * * *

O LADDIE, CAN YE LEAVE ME.

O LADDIE, can ye leave me!
Alas! 'twill break this constant heart ;
There's nought on earth can grieve me
Like this, that we must part.
Think on the tender vow you made
Beneath the secret birken shade,
And can you now deceive me!
Is a' your love but art ?

* * * *

AWAY, GLOOMY CARE.

A Fragment.

Away, gloomy Care, there's no place for thee here,
Where so many good fellows are met;
Thou wouldst dun the poor bard every day in the year,
Yet I'm sure I am none in thy debt.
Go, soak thy old skin in the miser's small beer,
And keep watch in his cell all the night;
And if in the morning thou dar'st to appear,
By Jove, I shall drown thee outright.

* * * *

THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR

Thou cauld gloomy Feberwar,
O gin thou wert awa,
I'm wae to hear thy sughin' winds,
I'm wae to see thy snaw:
For my bonnie brave young Highlander,
The lad I lo'e sae dear,
Has vow'd to come and see me,
In the spring o' the year.

* * * *

NOW, MARION, DRY YOUR TEARFUL E'E.

Now, Marion, dry your tearful e'e,
Gae break your rock in twa,
For soon your gallant sons ye'll see,
Return'd in safety a'.

O wow, gudeman, my heart is fain!
And shall I see my bairns again,
A' seated round our ain hearth-stane,
Nae mair to gang awa?

* * * *

KITTY O'CARROL.

Ye may boast of your charms, and be proud, to be sure,
As if there was never such beauty before;
But ere I got wedded to old Thady More,
I had dozens of wooers each night at my door,
With their "Och dear! O will you marry me,
Kitty O'Carrol, the joy of my soul!"

* * * *

MY DAYS HAE FLOWN WI' GLEESOME SPEED.

My days hae flown wi' gleesome speed,
Grief ne'er sat heavy on my mind,
Sae happy wi' my rural reed,
I lilted every care behind;
I've been vext and sair perplext
When friends prov'd false, or beauty shy;
But, like gude John o' Badenyon,
I croon'd my lilt and car'd na by.

* * * *

O WEEP NOT, MY LOVE.

O weep not, my love, though I go to the war,
For soon I'll return rich with honours to thee;
The soul-rousing pibroch is sounding afar,
And the clans are assembling in Morar-craiglee:
Our flocks are all plunder'd, our herdsmen are murder'd,
And, fir'd with oppression, aveng'd we shall be;
To-morrow we'll vanquish these ravaging English,
And then I'll return to thy baby and thee.

* * * *

SING ON, THOU SWEET WARBLER.

Sing on, thou sweet warbler, thy glad e'ening song,
And charm the lone echoes the green woods among;
As dear unto thee is the sun's setting beam,
So dear unto me is the soul's melting dream:
The dark winter frowning, all pleasure disowning,
Shall strip thy green woods and be deaf to thy moaning;
But dark stormy winter is yet far away,
Then let us be glad, when all nature is gay.

* * * *

THE POOR MAN'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HIS COW.

How gay rose this morning, how cheerful was I,
No care on my mind, and no cloud on the sky;
I dreamt not ere night that my sorrows should flow,
Bewailing the fate of my poor drimindo.*

* * * *

* *Drimindu*—a name for the cow.—Ed.

AWAKE, MY HARP, THE CHEERFUL STRAIN!

Awake, my harp, the cheerful strain!
Shall I, the first of Erin's warrior band,
In wasting sorrow still complain?
The first to dare stern dangers bloody field,
Shall I to silly, changeful woman yield?
No—raise, my harp, the cheerful strain,
What is a rosy cheek, or lily hand!
Since thus she scorns, I'll scorn again.

* * * *

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

The weary sun's gane doun the west,
The birds sit nodding on the tree,
All nature now inclines for rest,
But rest allow'd there's none for me:
The trumpet calls to wars alarms,
The rattling drum forbids my stay;
Ah! Nancy, bless thy soldier's arms,
For ere morn I will be far away.

* * * *

LONE IN YON DARK SEQUESTER'D GROVE.

Lone in yon dark sequester'd grove,
Poor hapless Lubin strays;
A prey to ill-requited love,
He spends his joyless days:

Ah! cruel Jessie, couldst thou know
What worthy heart was thine,
Thou ne'er hadst wrong'd poor Lubin so,
Nor left that heart to pine.

* * * *

OF C

PART SECOND.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

EPISTLE TO JAMES KING,*

ON RECEIVING A MORAL EPISTLE FROM HIM.—MAY, 1802.

Please accept the thanks and praise,
Due to your poetic lays;
Wisdom aye should be rever'd,
Sense to wit be aye preferr'd.
—Just your thoughts, in simple guise,
Fit to make frail mortals wise,
Every period, every line,
With some moral truth doth shine.
—Like the rocks, which storms divide,
Thund'ring down the mountain side,
So strides Time, with rapid force,
Round his unobstructed course;
Like a flood upon its way,
Sweeping downward to the sea:
But what figure so sublime
As describe the flight of time?
—Life's a dream, and man's a bubble,
'Compass'd round with care and trouble,

* This old friend and correspondent of the author still survives: 1837. Ed.

Like a ship in tempest tost,
Soon o erwhelm'd, for ever lost ;
Like the short-liv'd passion-flow'r,
Blooming, dying, in an hour ;
Like the tuneful bird that sings,
Flutt'ring high on sportive wings,
Till the fowler's subtle art,
Drives Death's message to its heart,
While, perhaps, Death aims his blow
Swift to lay the wretch as low.
—Now since life is but a day,
Make the most of it we may ;
Calm and tranquil let us be,
Still resign'd to Fate's decree :
Let not poortith sink us low,
Let not wealth exalt our brow ;
Let's be grateful, virtuous, wise,—
There's where all our greatness lies :
Doing all the good we can,
Is all that Heaven requires of man.
—Wherefore should we grieve and sigh,
'Cause we know that we must die ?
Death's a debt requir'd by nature,
To be paid by every creature ;
Rich and poor, and high and low,
Fall by Death's impartial blow—
God perhaps in kindness will
Snatch us from some coming ill ;
Death may kindly waft us o'er
To a milder, happier shore.
—But, dear Jamie ! after a',
What I've said's not worth a straw ;
What is't worth to moralise
What we never can practise ?
As for me, with a' my skill,
Passion leads me as she will ;

And resolves, laid down to-day,
Ere to-morrow, 're done away:
—Then, let's ever cheery live,
Do our best, and never grieve;
Still let Friendship's warmest tie
A' deficiencies supply,
And, while favour'd by the Nine,
I your laurels will entwine.

EPISTLE TO JAMES BARR,

WHEREVER HE MAY BE FOUND.—MARCH, 1804.

Gude Pibrocharian, jorum-jirger,
Say, hae ye turn'd an Antiburgher?
Or lang-fac'd Presbyterian elder,
Deep read in wiles o' gath'ring siller?
Or cauld, splenetic solitair,
Resolv'd to herd wi' man nae mair?

As to the second, I've nae fear for't;
For siller, faith! ye ne'er did care for't,
Unless to help a needfu' body,
And get an antrin glass o' toddy.
But what the black mischief's come owre you?
These three months I've been speiring for you,
Till e'en the Muse, wi' downright grieving,
Has worn her chafts as thin's a shaving.
Say, hae ye ta'en a tramp to Lon'on,
In Co. wi' worthy auld Buchanan,*
Wha mony a mile wad streek his shanks,
To hae a crack wi' Josie Banks
Concerning "Shells, and birds, and metals,
Moths, spiders, butterflies, and beetles."

* A much respected naturalist in the west country.—Author

For you, I think ye'll cut a figure,
Wi' king o' pipers, Malc. M'Gregor,
And wi' your clarion, flute, and fiddle,
Will gar their southron heart-strings diddle.

Or are ye through the kintra whisking,
Accoutr'd wi' the sock and buskin,
Thinking to climb to wealth and fame,
By adding Roscius to your name?
Frae thoughts o' that, pray keep abeigh!
Ye're far owre auld, and far owre heigh;
Since in thir novel-hunting days,
There's nane but bairns can act our plays.*
At twal-year auld, if ye had try'd it,
I doubtna' but ye might succeedet;
But full-grown buirdly chields like you—
Quite monst'rous, man, 'twill never do!

Or are ye gane, as there are few sic,
For teaching of a band o' music?
O, hear auld Scotland's fervent pray'rs!
And teach her genuine native airs;
Whilk simply play'd devoid o' art,
Thrill through the senses to the heart.

Play, when you'd rouse the patriot's saul,
True valour's tune, "The garb of Gaul;"
And, when laid low in glory's bed,
Let, "Roslin castle," soothe his shade.

"The bonny Bush aboon Traquair,"
Its every accent breathes despair;

* The allusion here is to the young Roscius, Master Betty, whose juvenile performances for a time threw even first-rate actors into the shade.—Ed.

And "Ettrick Banks," celestial strain!
Mak's summer's gloaming mair serene;
And, O how sweet the plaintive muse,
Amang "the Broom o' Cowdenknowes!"

To hear the love-lorn swain complain,
Lone, on "The Braes o' Ballendine;"
It e'en might melt the dortiest she,
That ever sklented scornfu' e'e.

When Beauty tries her vocal pow'rs
Amang the green-wood's echoing bow'rs,
"The bonny Birks of Invermay,"
Might mend a seraph's sweetest lay.

Then, should grim Care invest your castle,
Just knock him down wi' "Willie Wastle;"
And rant blithe "Lumps o' pudding owre him,"
And, for his dirge, sing "Tullochgorum."

When Orpheus charm'd his wife frae hell,
'Twas nae Scotch tune he play'd sae well;
Else had the worthy auld wire-scraper
Been keepet for his deilship's piper.

Or if ye're turn'd a feather'd fop,
Light dancing upon fashion's top,
Wi' lofty brow and selfish e'e,
Despising low-clad dogs like me;
Uncaring your contempt or favour,
Sweet butterfly, adieu for ever!
But, hold—I'm wrong to doubt your sense;
For pride proceeds from ignorance.

If peace of mind lay in fine clothes,
I'd be the first of fluttering beaux,

And strut as proud as ony peacock
That ever craw'd on tap o' hay-cock;
And ere I'd know one vexing thought,
Get dollar-buttons on my coat,
Wi' a' the lave o' fulsome trash on,
That constitutes a man o' fashion.
Oh! grant me this, kind Providence,
A moderate, decent competence;
Thou'lt see me smile in independence,
Above weak-saul'd, pride-born ascendence.

But whether ye're gane to teach the whistle,
'Midst noise and rough reg'mental bustle;
Or gane to strut upon the stage,
Smit wi' the mania o' the age;
Or, Scotch-man like, hae tramp'd abreed,
To yon big town far south the Tweed;
Or douring in the hermit's cell,
Unblessing and unblest yoursel'—
In Gude's name write!—tak' up your pen,
A' how ye're doing let me ken.
Sae, hoping quickly your epistle,
Adieu! thou genuine son of song and whistle.

POSTSCRIPT.

We had a concert here short syne;
Oh, man! the music was divine,
Baith plaintive sang, and merry glee,
In a' the soul of harmony.
When Smith and Stuart leave this earth,
The gods, in token o' their worth,
Will welcome them at heaven's portals,
The brightest, truest, best o' mortals;
Apollo proud, as weel he may
Will walk on tip-toe a' that day;

While a' the Muses kindred claim,
Rememb'ring what they've done for them.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SCADLOCK,*

THEN AT PERTH.—JUNE, 1804.

Let those who never felt its flame,
Say friendship is an empty name;
Such selfish, cauld philosophy,
For ever I disclaim:

It soothes the soul, with grief opprest,
Half-cures the care-distemper'd breast,
And in the jocund happy hour,
Gives joy a higher zest.

All nature sadden'd at our parting hour,
Winds plaintive howl'd, clouds, weeping, drop't a show'r;
Our fields look'd dead—as if they'd said,
"We ne'er shall see him more."

Though fate and fortune threw their darts,
Envying us your high deserts,
They well might tear you from our arms,
But never from our hearts.

When spring buds forth in vernal show'rs,
When summer comes array'd in flow'rs,
Or autumn kind, from Ceres' horn,
Her grateful bounty pours;

* James Scadlock, a copperplate engraver, wrote "The Scottish Exile," and other pieces, which have been published. In the words of John Struthers, in his Essay on Scottish Song writers, "he died July the 4th, 1818, lamented by his friends, respected by his neighbours, and, probably, without an enemy in the world."—Ed.

Or bearded winter curls his brow—
I'll often fondly think on you,
And on our happy days and nights,
With pleasing back-cast view.

If e'er in musing mood you stray,
Alang the banks of classic Tay,
Think on our walks by Stanley tow'r,
And steep Gleniffer brae.

Think on our langsyne happy hours,
Spent where the burn wild rapid pours,
And o'er the horrid dizzy steep,
Dashes her mountain-stores.

Think on our walks by sweet Greenlaw,
By woody hill, and birken shaw,
Where nature strews her choicest sweets.
To mak the landscape braw.

And think on rural Ferguslie,
Its plantings green, and flow'ry lee ;—
Such fairy scenes, though distant far,
May please the mental e'e.

Yon Mentor, Geordie Zimmerman,
Agrees exactly with our plan,
That partial hours of solitude
Exalt the soul of man.

So, oft retir'd from strife and din,
Let's shun the jarring ways of men,
And seek serenity and peace
By stream and woody glen.

But ere a few short summers gae,
Your friend will meet his kindred clay,
For fell disease tugs at my breast,
To hurry me away.

Yet while life's bellows bear to blaw,
Till life's last lang-fetch'd breath I draw,
I'll often fondly think on you,
And mind your kindness a'.

Now, fare-ye-weel! Still may ye find
A friend congenial to your mind,
To share your joys, and half your woes,
Warm, sympathizing, kind.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM THOMSON,

AT OVERTON.—JUNE, 1805.

Dear Will, my much respected frien',
I send you this to let you ken,
That, though at distance fate hath set you,
Your friends in Paisley don't forget you:
But often think on you, far lone,
Amang the braes of Overton.

Our social club continues yet,
Perpetual source of mirth and wit;
Our rigid rules admit but few,
Yet still we'll keep a chair for you.

A country life I've oft envied,
Where love, and truth, and peace preside;
Without temptations to allure,
Your days glide on, unstain'd and pure;
Nae midnight revels waste your health,
Nor greedy landlord drains your wealth;
You're never fash't wi' whisky fever,
Nor dizzy pow, nor dulness ever,
But breathe the halsome caller air,
Remote from aught that genders care.

I needna' tell how much I lang
To hear your rural Scottish sang;
To hear you sing your heath-clad braes,
Your jocund nights, and happy days;
And lilt wi' glee the blithsome morn,
When dew-draps pearl every thorn;
When larks pour forth the early sang,
And lintwhites chant the whins amang,
And pyets hap frae tree to tree,
Teaching their young anes how to flee;
While, frae the mavis to the wren,
A' warble sweet in bush or glen.

In town we scarce can find occasion,
To note the beauties o' creation,
But study mankind's diff'rent dealings,
Their virtues, vices, merits, failings.
Unpleasing task! compar'd wi' yours;
You range the hills 'mang mountain-flow'rs,
And view, afar, the smoky town,
More blest than all its riches were your own.

A lang epistle I might scribble,
But aiblins ye will grudge the trouble
Of reading sic low hamewart rhyme,
And sae it's best to quat in time:
Sae I, with soul sincere and fervent,
Am still your trustful friend and servant

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM WYLIE.

JANUARY, 1806.

Dear kindred saul, thanks to the cause
First made us ken each ither;
Ca't fate, or chance, I carena whilk,
To me it brought a brither.

Thy furthy, kindly, takin' gait ;—
  Sure every gude chiel' likes thee,
An' bad-luck wring his thrawart heart,
  Wha snarling e'er wou'd vex thee.

Though mole-e'et Fortune's partial hand,
  O' clink may keep thee bare o't ;
Of what thou hast, pale Misery
  Receives, unask'd, a share o't.

Thou gi'est, without ae hank'rin thought,
  Or cauld, self-stinted wish ;
E'en winter-finger'd Avarice
  Approves thee with a blush.

If Grief e'er make thee her pack-horse,
  Her leaden load to carry't,
Shove half the burden on my back,
  I'll do my best to bear it.

Gude kens we a' hae faults anew,
  'Tis Friendship's task to cure 'em,
But still she spurns the critic-view,
  An' bids us to look o'er 'em.

When Death performs his beadle part,
  An' summons thee to heaven,
By virtue of thy warm kind heart,
  Thy faults will be forgiven.

And should'st thou live to see thy friend,
  Borne lifeless on the bier,
I ask of thee for epitaph,
  One kind elegiac tear.

EPISTLE TO ALEXANDER BORLAND,*

GLASGOW.—FEBRUARY, 1806.

Retir'd, disgusted, from the tavern roar,
Where strong-lung'd Ignorance does highest soar;
Where silly ridicule is pass'd for wit,
And shallow Laughter takes her gaping fit;
Here lone I sit, in musing melancholy,
Resolv'd for aye to shun the court of Folly;
For, from whole years' experience in her train,
One hour of joy brings twenty hours of pain.
Now since I'm on the would-be-better key,
The Muse oft whispers me to write to thee;
Not that she means a self-debasing letter,
But merely show there's hope I may turn better;
That what stands bad to my account of ill,
You may set down to passion, not to will.
The fate-scourg'd exile, destin'd still to roam
Through desert wilds, far from his early home,—
If some fair prospect meet his sorrowing eyes,
Like that he own'd beneath his native skies,
Sad recollection, murdering relief,
He bursts in all the agonies of grief;
Mem'ry presents the volume of his care,
And "harrows up his soul" with "such things were:"
'Tis so in life, when Youth folds up his page,
And turns the leaf to dark, blank, joyless Age,
Where sad Experience speaks in language plain,
Her thoughts of bliss, and highest hopes were vain;
O'er present ills I think I see her mourn,
And "weep past joys that never will return."

* This is the friend of whom mention is made towards the end of the Memoir of Tannahill: he died some years ago.—Ed.

Then come, my friend, while yet in life's gay noon,
Ere grief's dark clouds obscure our summer sun,
Ere winter's sleety blasts around us howl,
And chill our every energy of soul,
Let us look back, retrace the ways we've trod,
Mark virtue's paths from guilty pleasure's road,
And, 'stead of wand'ring in a devious maze,
Mark some few precepts for our future days.

I mind still well, when but a trifling boy,
My young heart flutter'd with a savage joy,
As with my sire I wander'd through the wood,
And found the mavis' clump-lodg'd callow brood;
I tore them thence, exulting o'er my prize;
My father bade me list the mother's cries;
"So thine would wail," he said, "if reft of thee:"—
It was a lesson of humanity.

Not to recount our every early joy,
When all was happiness without alloy,
Nor tread again each flow'ry field we trac'd,
Light as the silk-wing'd butterflies we chas'd;
Ere villain-falsehood taught the glowing mind
To look with cold suspicion on mankind—
Let's pass the valley of our younger years,
And further up-hill mark what now appears.

We see the sensualist, fell vice's slave,
Fatigu'd, worn-out, sink to an early grave:
We see the slave of av'rice grind the poor,
His thirst for gold increasing with his store;
Pack-horse of fortune, all his days are care,
Her burdens bearing to his spendthrift heir.

Next view the spendthrift, joyous o'er his purse,
Exchanging all his guineas for remorse;
On pleasure's flow'r-deck'd barge away he's borne,
Supine, till every flow'r starts up a thorn;

Then all his pleasures fly, like air-borne bubbles—
He ruin'd sinks "amidst a sea of troubles."
Hail, Temperance! thou'rt wisdom's first, best lore;
The sage in ev'ry age does thee adore;
Within thy pale we taste of ev'ry joy,
O'erstepping that, our highest pleasures cloy;
The heart-enliv'ning, friendly, social bowl,
To rapt'rous ecstasy exalts the soul;
But when to midnight hour we keep it up,
Next morning feels the poison of the cup.

Though fate forbade the gifts of schoolmen mine,
With classic art to write the polish'd line,
Yet miners oft must gather earth with gold,
And truth may strike, though e'er so roughly told.

If thou in aught would'st rise to eminence,
Show not the faintest shadow of pretence,
Else busy Scandal, with her hundred tongues,
Will quickly find thee in ten thousand wrongs;
Each strives to tear his neighbour's honour down,
As if detracting something from his own.
Of all the ills with which mankind are curst,
An envious, discontented mind's the worst:
There muddy Spleen exalts her gloomy throne,
Marks all conditions better than her own:
Hence Defamation spreads her ant-bear tongue,
And grimly pleas'd, feeds on another's wrong.
Curse on the wretch, who, when his neighbour's blest,
Erects his peace-destroying, snaky crest!
And him who sits in surly, sullen mood,
Repining at a fellow-mortal's good!
Man owns so little of true happiness,
That curst be he who makes that little less!

The zealot thinks he'll go to heaven direct.
Adhering to the tenets of his sect,

E'en though his practice lie in this alone,
To rail at all persuasions but his own.

In judging, still let moderation guide;
O'erheated zeal is certain to mislead.
First bow to God in heart-warm gratitude;
Next do our utmost for the general good.
In spite of all the forms which men devise,
'Tis there where real solid wisdom lies;
And impious is the man who claims dominion,
To damn his neighbour diff'ring in opinion.

When suppliant Misery greets thy wand'ring eye,
Although in public, pass not heedless by;
Distress impels her to implore the crowd,
For that denied within her lone abode;
Give thou the trifling pittance which she craves,
Though ostentation call'd by prudent knaves:
So conscience will a rich reward impart,
And finer feelings play around thy heart.

When Wealth with arrogance exalts his brow,
And reckons Poverty a wretch most low,
Let good intentions dignify thy soul,
And conscious rectitude will crown the whole:
Hence indigence will independence own,
And soar above the haughty despot's frown.

Still to thy lot be virtuously resign'd;
Above all treasures prize thy peace of mind;
Then let not envy rob thy soul of rest,
Nor discontent e'er harbour in thy breast.
Be not too fond of popular applause,
Which often echoes in a villain's cause,
Whose specious sophistry gilds his deceit,
Till pow'r abus'd, in time shows forth the cheat:
Yet be't thy pride to bear an honest fame;
More dear than life watch over thy good name;

For he, poor man! who has no wish to gain it,
Despises all the virtues which attain it.

Of friendship, still be secrecy the test,
This maxim let be 'graven in my breast:
Whate'er a friend enjoins me to conceal,
I'm weak, I'm base, if I the same reveal;
Let honour, acting as a pow'rful spell,
Suppress that itching fondness still to tell;
Else, unthank'd chronicle, the cunning's tool,
The world will stamp me for a gossip fool.
Yet let us act an honest open part,
Nor curb the warm effusions of the heart,
Which, naturally virtuous, discommends
Aught mean or base, even in our dearest friends.

But why this long disjointed scrawl to thee,
Whose every action is a law to me;
Whose every deed proclaims thy noble mind,
Industrious, independent, just, and kind.
Methinks I hear thee say, "Each fool may teach,
Since now my whim-led friend's begun to preach!"
But this first essay of my preaching strain,
Hear, and accept for friendship's sake. Amen.

EPISTLE TO JAMES BUCHANAN,*

KILBARCHAN.—AUGUST, 1806.

My gude auld friend on Locher banks,
Your kindness claims my warmest thanks;

* This is the "worthy auld Buchanan," celebrated as a naturalist in the epistle to Barr, p. 105. He was also something of an antiquary, and, like Burns's friend, Captain Grose, was possessed of "a routh o' auld nick-nackets." He died lately at an advanced age.—ED.

Yet thanks is but a draff-cheap phrase,
Of little value now a-days ;
Indeed 'tis hardly worth the heeding,
Unless to show a body's breeding.
Yet mony a poor, doil't, servile body,
Will scrimp his stomach of its crowdy,
And pride to run a great man's erran's,
And feed on smiles and sour cheese-parin's,
And think himsel' nae sma' sheep shank,
Rich laden wi' his Lordship's thank :
The sodger too, for a' his troubles,
His hungry wames, and bloody hubbles,
His agues, rheumatisms, cramps,
Receiv'd in plashy winter camps,
O blest reward ! at last he gains
His sov'reign's thanks for a' his pains.

Thus, though 'mang first of friends I rank you,
'Twere but sma' compliment to thank you ;
Yet, lest ye think me here ungratefu',
Of hatefu' names, a name most hatefu',
The neist time that ye come to toun,
By a' the pow'rs beneath the moon !
I'll treat you wi' a Highland gill,*
Though it should be my hindmost fill.

Though in the bustling town, the Muse
Has gather'd little feck of news :
—'Tis said, the Court of Antiquarians
Has split on some great point of variance ;

* *A Highland gill*—a phrase jocularly used in the Lowlands of Scotland to mean double the quantity of a common gill,—half a mutchkin. Thus Burns says—

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek *a Highland gill*,
Say, such is royal George's will,
And there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

For ane has got, in gowden box,
The spectacles of auld John Knox ;
A second proudly thanks his fate wi'
The hindmost pen that Nelson wrate wi' ;
A third ane owns an antique rare,
A sape-brush made of mermaid's hair !
But, niggard wights, they a' refuse 'em,
These precious relics, to the museum,
Whilk selfish, mean, illegal deeds,
Hae set them a' at loggerheads.

Sure taste refin'd, and public spirit,
Stand next to genius in merit ;
I'm proud to see your warm regard,
For Caledonia's dearest bard ;
Of him ye've got sae gude a painting,*
That nocht but real life is wanting.
I think, yon rising genius, Tannock,
May gain a niche in Fame's heigh winnock
There, with auld Rubens, placed sublime,
Look down upon the wreck of time.

I ne'er, as yet, hae found a patron,
For, scorn be till't ! I hate a' flatt'rin' ;
Besides, I never had an itching,
To slake about a great man's kitchen,
And, like a spaniel, lick his dishes,
And come, and gang, just to his wishes ;
Yet, studious to give worth its due,
I pride to praise the like of you,
Gude chields, replete wi' sterling sense
Wha wi' their worth mak' nae pretence.
Aye—there's my worthy friend, M'Math,
I'll lo'e him till my latest breath,

* Portrait of Burns, painted by Mr James Tannock, now of London, for the Kilbarchan Burns' Society.—ED.

And like a traitor wretch be hang'd,
Before I'd hear that fellow wrang'd ;
His ev'ry action shows his mind,
Humanely noble, bright, and kind ;
And here's the worth o't, doubly rootit,
He never speaks ae word about it !
—My compliments an' warm gude-will,
To Maisters Simpson, Barr, and Lyle ;
Wad rav'ning Time but spare my pages,
They'd tell the warld in after ages,
That it, to me, was wealth and fame,
To be esteem'd by chields like them.
O Time, thou all-devouring bear !
Hear—" List, O list" my ardent pray'r !
I crave thee here, on bended knee,
To let my dear-lov'd pages be !
O take thy sharp-nail'd, nibbling elves,
To musty scrolls on college shelves !
There, with dry treatises on law,
Feast, cram, and gorge thy greedy maw ;
But grant, amidst thy thin-sown mercies,
To spare, O spare my darling verses !

Could I but up through hist'ry wimple
With Robertson, or sage Dalrymple ;
Or had I half the pith and lear
Of a Mackenzie, or a Blair ;
I aiblins then might tell some story,
Wad show the Muse in bleezing glory ;
But scrimpt o' time, and lear scholastic,
My lines limp on in Hudibrastic,
Till Hope, grown sick, flings down her claim,
And drops her dreams of future fame.
—Yes, O waesucks ! should I be vauntie ?
My Muse is just a Rosinante,
She stammers forth with hilching canter,
Sagely intent on strange adventure,

Yet, sae uncouth in garb and feature,
She seems the Fool of Literature.
But lest the critic's birsie besom,
Soop aff this cant of egotism,
I'll sidelins hint—na, bauldly tell,
I whiles think something o' mysel':
Else, wha the deil wad fash to scribble,
Expecting scorn for a' his trouble?
Yet, lest dear self should be mista'en,
I'll fling the bridle o'er the mane;
For after a', I fear this jargon,
Is but a Willie Glasford bargain.*

EPISTLE TO ROBERT ALLAN.

KILBARCHAN.—1807.

Dear Robin,
The Muse is now a wee at leisure,
And sits her doun wi' meikle pleasure,
To skelp you aff a blaud o' rhyme,
As near's she can to true sublime;
But here's the rub,—poor poet-devils,
We're compass'd round wi' mony evils;
We jerk oursel's into a fever
To give the world something clever,
And after a' perhaps we muddle
In vile prosaic stagnant puddle.

* William Glasford, a late writer of doggerel verses, which he hawked in pennyworths amongst the inhabitants of Paisley, under the title of "Poems on Engaging Subjects." The reader may be amused on being made aware of some of those subjects which the author considered so captivating. One is 'On the Police of Paisley;' another 'On Creation;' a third 'On War, France, and Bonaparte;' and a fourth 'On the New Light.' —Ed.

For me—I seldom choose a subject,
My rhymes are oft without an object;

I let the Muse e'en tak' her win',
And dash awa' through thick and thin:
For Method's sic a servile creature,
She spurns the wilds o' simple nature,
And paces on, wi' easy art,
A lang day's journey frae the heart:—
Sae what comes uppermaist you'll get it,
Be't good or ill, for you I write it.

How fares my worthy friend, the bard?
Be peace and honour his reward!
May every ill that gars us fyke,
Bad webs, toom pouches, and sic like,
And ought that would his spirit bend,
Be ten miles distant frae my friend.
Alas! this wicked endless war,
Rul'd by some vile malignant star,
Has sunk poor Britain low indeed,
Has robb'd Industry o' her bread,
And dash'd the sair-won cog o' crowdy,
Frae mony an honest eident body;
While Genius, dying through neglect,
Sinks down amidst the general wreck.

Just like twa cats tied tail to tail,
They worry at it, tooth and nail;
They girn, they bite in deadly wrath
And what is't for? For nought, in faith!
Wee Lourie Frank,* wi' brazen snout,
Nae doubt would like to scart us out,
For proud John Bull, aye us'd to hone him,
We'll no gi'e o'er to spit upon him;

* A personification of France —Ed.

But Lourie's raised to sic degree,
John would be wise to let him be;
Else aiblins, as he's wearing aul'
Frank yet may tear him spawl frae spawl,
For wi' the mony chirts he's gotten,
I fear his *constitution's* rotten.

But while the bullying blades o' Europe
Are boxing ither to a syrup,
Let's mind oursel's as weel's we can,
And live in peace, like man and man,
And no cast out, and fecht like brutes
Without a cause for our disputes.

When I read o'er your kind epistle
I didna 'dance,' nor 'sing,' nor 'whistle,
But jump'd and cried, Huzza, huzza!
Like Robin Roughhead in the play:—
But to be serious—jest aside,
I felt a glow o' secret pride,
Thus to be roos'd by ane like you,
Yet doubted if sic praise was due,
Till self thus reason'd in the matter:
Ye ken that Robin scorns to flatter,
And ere he'd prostitute his quill,
He'd rather burn his rhyming mill—
Enough! I cried—I've gain'd my end,
Since I ha'e pleased my worthy friend.

My sangs are now before the warl,
And some may praise, and some may snarl;
They hae their faults, yet I can tell
Nane sees them clearer than mysel';
But still I think they too inherit
Amang the dross some sparks o' merit.

Then come, my dear Parnassian brither!
Let's lay our poet-heads thegither,

And sing our ain sweet native scenes,
Our streams, our banks, and rural plains,
Our woods, our shaws, and flow'ry holms,
And mountains clad wi' purple blooms,
Wi' burnies bickerin' doun their braes,
Reflecting back the sunny rays :
Ye've Semple Woods,* and Calder Glen,*
And Locher Bank,* sweet fairy den !
And Auchenames,* a glorious theme !
Where Crawford† liv'd, of deathless name,
Where Sempill‡ sued his lass to win,
And Nelly rose and let him in ;
Where Habbie Simpson§ lang did play,
The first o' pipers in his day ;
And though aneath the turf langsyne,
Their sangs and tunes shall never tyne.

Sae, Robin, briskly ply the Muse ;
She warms our hearts, expands our views,
Gars every sordid passion flee,
And waukens every sympathy.

Now wishing Fate may never tax you,
Wi' cross, nor loss, to thraw and vex you,
But keep you hale till ninety-nine,
Till you and your's in honour shine,

* Places in the neighbourhood of Kilbarchan.—Ed.

† William Crawford, "whom," says Ritson, "the pastoral beauties and elegant language of 'Tweedside' and the pathetic tenderness of 'My dearie, an ye dee,' will ever place in the first rank of lyric poets." He also wrote 'The Bush aboon Traquair' and some other songs marked C. in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. He died young, about 1732.—Ed.

‡ Francis Sempill of Beltrees, born about 1630, the reputed author of the song here alluded to, and also of 'Maggie Lauder,' 'The Blythsome Bridal,' and other pieces.—Ed.

§ The famous piper of Kilbarchan, on whom Robert Sempill, father of Francis, wrote the well-known Elegy.—Ed.

Shall ever be my earnest pray'r,
While I've a friendly wish to spare.

TOWSER:

A TRUE TALE.

"Dogs are honest creatures,
Ne'er fawn on any that they love not;
And I'm a friend to dogs,
They ne'er betray their masters."

In mony an instance, without doubt,
The man may copy from the brute,
And by th' example grow much wiser;—
Then read the short memoirs of Towser.

With def'rence to our great Lavaters,
Wha judge a' mankind by their features,
There's mony a smiling, pleasant-fac'd cock,
That wears a heart no worth a castock;
While mony a visage, antic, droll,
O'erveils a noble, gen'rous soul.
With Towser this was just the case,
He had an ill-faur'd tawted face,
His make was something like a messan,
But big, and quite unprepossessin';
His master coft him frae some fallows,
Wha had him doom'd unto the gallows,
Because (sae hap'd poor Towser's lot,)
He wadna tear a comrade's throat;
Yet in affairs of love or honour,
He'd stand his part amang a hun'er,
And where'er fighting was a merit,
He never fail'd to show his spirit.

He never girn d in neighbour's face,
With wild ill-natur'd scant of grace ;
Nor e'er accosted ane with smiles,
Then, soon as turn'd, would bite his heels ;
Nor ever kent the courtier art,
To fawn with rancour at his heart :
Nor aught kent he of cankert quarreling,
Nor snarling just for sake of snarling,
Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,
Whilk shows he had a mighty soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,
And will immortalize his name—
" Immortalize !—presumptuous wight !
Thy lines are dull as darkest night,
Without ae spark o' wit or glee,
To licht them through futurity."
E'en be it sae ;—poor Towser's story,
Though lamely tauld, will speak his glory.

'Twas in the month o' cauld December,
When nature's fire seem'd just an ember,
And growling winter bellow'd forth
In storms and tempests frae the north,
When honest Towser's loving master,
Regardless o' the surly bluster,
Set out to the neist burrow town,
To buy some needments of his own,
And, case some purse-pest should way-lay him,
He took his trusty servant wi' him.

His business done, 'twas near the gloaming,
And aye the King o' Storms was foaming :
The doors did ring—lum-pigs down tumbl'd,
The strands gush'd big—the sinks loud rumbl'd ;
Auld grannies spread their looves, and sigh'd,
Wi' " O Sirs ! what an awfu' night !"—

Poor Towser shook his sides a' draigl'd,
And's master grudg'd that he had taigl'd;
But, wi' his merchandizing load,
Come weel, come wae, he took the road.
Now clouds drave o'er the fields like drift;
Night flung her black cleuk o'er the lift;
And through the naked trees and hedges,
The horrid storm, redoubl'd, rages;
And, to complete his piteous case,
It blew directly in his face.
Whiles 'gainst the foot-path stabs he thumped,
Whiles o'er the coots in holes he plumped;
But on he gaed, and on he waded,
Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded.
To gang he could nae langer bide,
But lay down by the bare dyke-side.—
Now, wife and bairns rush'd on his soul,
He groan'd—poor Towser loud did howl,
And, mourning, cower'd down beside him;
But, Oh! his master couldna heed him,
For now his senses 'gan to dozen,
His vera life-streams maist were frozen,
An't seem'd as if the cruel skies,
Exulted o'er their sacrifice;
For fierce the winds did o'er him hiss,
And dash'd the sleet on his cauld face.

As on a rock, far, far frae land,
Twa shipwreck'd sailors shiv'ring stand,
If chance a vessel they descry,
Their hearts exult with instant joy;
Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear,
The tread of trav'llers drawing near,
He ran, and yowl'd, and fawn'd upon 'em,
But couldna make them understand him,
Till, tugging at the foremost's coat,
He led them to the mournfu' spot,

Where, cauld and stiff, his master lay,
To the rude storm a helpless prey.

With Caledonian sympathy,
They bore him kindly on the way,
Until they reach'd a cottage bien ;
They tauld the case, were welcom'd in ;
The rousing fire, the cordial drop,
Restor'd him soon to life and hope ;
Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,
And antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale, may see
The worth of sensibility,
And learn frae it to be humane—
In Towser's life he sav'd his ain.

BAUDRONS AND THE HEN BIRD:

A FABLE.

Some folks there are of such behaviour,
They'll cringe themselves into your favour,
And when you think their friendship staunch is,
They'll tear your character to inches:
T' enforce this truth as well's I'm able,
Please, reader, to peruse a fable.

Deborah, an auld wealthy maiden,
With spleen, remorse, and scandal laden,
Sought out a solitary spat,
To live in quiet with her cat,
A meikle, sonsy, tabby she ane,
(For Deborah abhorr'd a he ane ;)
And in the house, to be a third,
She gat a wee hen chuckie bird.

Soon as our slee nocturnal ranger,
Beheld the wee bit timid stranger,
She thus began, with friendly fraise:
"Come ben, puir thing, and warm your taes:
This weather's cauld, and wet, and dreary,
I'm wae to see you look sae eerie;
Sirs! how your tail, and wings are dreeping!
Ye've surely been in piteous keeping;
See, here's my dish, come tak' a pick o't,
But, 'deed, I fear there's scarce a lick o't."

Sic sympathizing words of sense,
Soon gain'd poor chuckie's confidence;
And while Deborah mools some crumbs,
Auld baudrons sits and croodling thrums:
In short, the twa soon grew sae pack,
Chuck roosted upon pussie's back!
But ere sax wee short days were gane,
When baith left in the house alane,
Then thinks the hypocritic sinner,
Now, now's my time to ha'e a dinner:
Sae, with a squat, a spring, and squall,
She tore poor chuckie spawl frae spawl.

Then mind this maxim: Rash acquaintance
Aft leads to ruin and repentance.

THE AMBITIOUS MITE:

A FABLE.

When Hope persuades, and Fame inspires us,
And Pride with warm ambition fires us,
Let Reason instant seize the bridle,
And wrest us frae the passions' guidal;

Else, like the hero of our fable,
We'll aft be plung'd into a habble.

'Twas on a bonny simmer day,
When a' the insect tribes were gay,
Some journeying o'er the leaves of roses,
Some brushing thrang their wings and noses,
Some wallowing sweet in bramble blossom,
In Luxury's saft downy bosom ;
While ithers of a lower order,
Were perch'd on plantain leaf's smooth border,
Wha frae their twa-inch steeps look'd down,
And view'd the kintra far around.

Ae pridefu' elf, amang the rest,
Wha's pin-point heart bumpt 'gainst his breast,
To work some mighty deed of fame,
That would immortalize his name,
Through future hours would hand him down,
The wonder of an afternoon ;
(For ae short day with them appears,
As lang's our lengthen'd hunder years.)

By chance, at hand, a bow'd horse hair
Stood up six inches high in air;
He plann'd to climb this lofty arch,
With philosophic deep research,
To prove (which aft perplex their heads)
What people peopled ither blades,
Or from keen observation show,
Whether they peopled were or no.

Our tiny hero onward hies,
Quite big with daring enterprise,
Ascends the hair's curvatur'd side,
Now pale with fear, now red with pride,

Now hanging pend'lous by the claw,
Now glad at having 'scap'd a fa';
What horrid dangers he came through,
Would trifling seem for man to know;
Suffice, at length he reach'd the top,
The summit of his pride and hope,
And on his elevated station,
Had plac'd himself for observation,
When, puff—the wind did end the matter,
And dash'd him in a horse-hoof gutter.

Sae let the lesson gi'en us here,
Keep each within his proper sphere,
And when our fancies tak' their flight,
Think on the wee ambitious mite.

THE STORM.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

Whilst the dark rains of autumn discolour the brook,
And the rough winds of winter the woodlands deform,
Here, lonely, I lean by the sheltering rock,
A-list'ning the voice of the loud-howling storm.

Now dreadfully furious it roars on the hill,
The deep-groaning oaks seem all writhing with pain,
Now awfully calm, for a moment 'tis still,
Then bursting it howls and it thunders again.

How cheerless and desert the fields now appear,
Which so lately in summer's rich verdure were seen,
And each sad drooping spray from its heart drops a tear,
As seeming to weep its lost mantle of green.

See, beneath the rude wall of yon ruinous pile,
From the merciless tempest the cattle have fled,
And yon poor patient steed, at the gate by the stile,
Looks wistfully home for his sheltering shed.

Ah! who would not feel for yon poor gipsy race,
Peeping out from the door of the old roofless barn;
There my wandering fancy her fortunes might trace,
And sour Discontent there a lesson might learn.

Yet oft in my bosom arises the sigh,
That prompts the warm wish distant scenes to explore;
Hope gilds the fair prospect with visions of joy,
That happiness reigns on some far distant shore.

But yon grey hermit-tree which stood lone on the moor,
By the fierce driving blast to the earth is blown down;
So the lone houseless wand'rer, unheeded and poor,
May fall unprotected, unpitied, unknown.

See o'er the grey steep, down the deep craggy glen,
Pours the brown foaming torrent, swell'd big with the rain;
It roars through the caves of its dark wizard den,
Then, headlong, impetuous it sweeps through the plain.

Now the dark heavy clouds have unbosom'd their stores,
And far to the westward the welkin is blue,
The sullen winds hiss as they die on the moors,
And the sun faintly shines on yon bleak mountain's brow.

THE RESOLVE.

"Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal."—BEATTIE.

'Twas on a sunny Sabbath-day,
When wark-worn bodies get their play,

I wander'd out, with serious look,
To read twa page on Nature's book ;
For lang I've thought, as little harm in
Hearing a lively out-field sermon,
Even though rowted by a stirk,
As that aft bawl'd in crowded kirk,
By some proud, stern, polemic wight,
Wha cries, " My way alone is right !"
Wha lairs himself in controversy,
Then damns his neighbours without mercy,
As if the fewer that were spar'd,
These few would be the better ser'd.
Now to my tale—digression o'er—
I wander'd out by Stanley tow'r,
The lang grass on its tap did wave,
Like weeds upon a warrior's grave,
Whilk seem'd to mock the bloody braggers,
And grow on theirs as rank's on beggars—
But hold—I'm frae the point again :
I wander'd up Gleniffer glen ;
There, leaning 'gainst a mossy rock,
I, musing, eyed the passing brook,
That in it's murmurs seem'd to say,
" 'Tis thus thy life glides fast away :
Observe the bubbles on my stream ;
Like them, fame is an empty dream ;
They blink a moment to the sun,
Then burst, and are for ever gone :
So fame's a bubble of the mind ;
Possess'd, 'tis nought but empty wind—
No courtly gem e'er purchas'd dearer,
And ne'er can satisfy the wearer.
Let them wha hae a bleezing share o't,
Confess the truth, they sigh for mair o't.
Then let contentment be thy cheer,
And never soar aboon thy sphere :

Rude storms assail the mountain's brow
That lightly skiff the vale below."

A gaudy rose was growing near,
Proud, tow'ring on its leafy brier ;
In fancy's ear it seem'd to say—
" Sir, have you seen a flow'r so gay ?
The poets in my praise combine,
Comparing Chloe's charms to mine ;
The sunbeams for my favour sue me,
And dark-brow'd Night comes down to woo me ;
But when I shrink from his request,
He draps his tears upon my breast,
And in his misty cloud sits wae,
Till chas'd away by rival day :
That streamlet's grov'lling grunting fires me,
Since no ane sees me, but admires me :
See yon bit violet 'neath my view.
Wee sallow thing, its nose is blue !
And that bit primrose 'side the breckan,
Poor yellow ghaist, it seems forsaken !
The sun ne'er throws ae transient glow,
Unless when passing whether or no ;
But wisely spurning ane so mean,
He blinks on me from morn till e'en."

To which the primrose calm replied :
" Poor gaudy gowk, suppress your pride,
For soon the strong flow'r-sweeping blast,
Shall strew your honours in the dust ;
While I, beneath my lowly bield,
Will live and bloom frae harm conceal'd ;
And while the heavy rain-drops pelt you,
You'll maybe think on what I've tell't you."
The rose, derisive, seem'd to sneer,
And wav'd upon its bonny brier.

Now dark'ning clouds began to gather,
Presaging sudden change of weather ;
I wander'd hame by Stanley green,
Deep pond'ring what I'd heard and seen,
Firmly resolv'd to shun from hence,
The dangerous steeps of eminence;
To drop this rhyming trade for ever,
And creep through life, a plain day-plodding weaver.

THE PARNASSIAD:

A VISIONARY VIEW.

Come, Fancy, thou hast ever been,
In life's low vale, my ready frien',
To cheer the clouded hour ;
Though unfledg'd with scholastic law,
Some visionary picture draw,
With all thy magic pow'r :
Now to the intellectual eye
The glowing prospects rise,
Parnassus' lofty summits high,
Far tow'ring 'mid the skies ;
Where vernally, eternally,
Rich leafy laurels grow,
With bloomy bays, through endless days,
To crown the Poet's brow.

Sure bold is he who dares to climb
Yon awful jutting rock sublime,
Who dares Pegasus sit,
For should brain-ballast prove too light,
He'll spurn him from his airy height,
Down to oblivion's pit ;

There, to disgrace for ever doom'd,
To mourn his sick'ning woes,
And weep that ever he presum'd,
Above the vale of prose.
Then, O beware! with prudent care,
Nor 'tempt the steeps of fame,
And leave behind thy peace of mind,
To gain a sounding name.*

Behold!—yon ready rhyming carl,
With flatt'ry fir'd, attracts the warl',
By canker'd pers'nal satire;
He takes th' unthinking crowd's acclaim,
For sterling proofs of lasting fame,
And deals his inky spatter:
Now see, he on Pegasus flies,
With bluff important straddle!
He bears him midway up the skies,
See, see, he's off the saddle!
He headlong tumbles, growls and grumbles,
Down the dark abyss;
The noisy core that prais'd before,
Now joins the general hiss.

And see another vent'rer rise,
Deep fraught with fulsome eulogies,
To win his patron's favour;
One of those adulating things,
That, dangling in the train of kings,
Give guilt a splendid cover.

* "The career of genius is rarely that of fortune, and often that of contempt: even in its most flattering aspect, what is it but plucking a few brilliant flowers from precipices, while the reward terminates in the honour?"—*D'Israeli.*—AUTHOR.

He mounts, well prefac'd by my Lord,
Inflicts the spur's sharp wound;
Pegasus spurns the great man's word,
And wont move from the ground.
Now mark his face flush'd with disgrace,
Through future life to grieve on,
His wishes crost, his hopes all lost,
He sinks into oblivion.

Yon city scribbler thinks to scale
The cliffs of fame with pastoral,
In worth thinks none e'er richer;
Yet never climb'd the upland steep,
Nor e'er beheld a flock of sheep,
Save those driven by the butcher;
Nor ever mark'd the gurgling stream,
Except the common sewer,
On rainy days, when dirt and slime
Pour'd turbid past his door.
Choice epithets in store he gets
From Virgil, Shenstone, Pope,
With tailor art tacks part to part,
And makes his past'ral up.

But see, rich clad in native worth,
Yon Bard of Nature ventures forth,
With simple modest tale;
Applauding millions catch the song,
The raptur'd rocks the notes prolong,
And hand them to the gale;
Pegasus kneels—he takes his seat—
Now see—aloft he tow'rs,
To place him 'bove the reach of fate,
In Fame's ambrosial bow'rs;
To be enroll'd with bards of old,
In ever-honour'd station:
The gods, well-pleas'd, see mortals rais'd
Worthy of their creation.

Now mark what crowds of hackney scribblers,
Imitators, rhyming dabblers,
Still follow in the rear!
Pegasus spurns us one by one,
Yet still, fame-struck, we follow on,
And tempt our fate severe:
In many a dogg'rel epitaph,
And short-lin'd mournful ditty,
Our "Ahs!—Alases!" raise the laugh,
Revert the tide of pity:
Yet still we write in nature's spite,
Our last piece aye the best;
Arraigning still, complaining still,
The world for want of taste!*

Observe yon poor deluded man,
With thread-bare coat and visage wan,
Ambitious of a name;
The nat'ral claims of meat and cleeding,
He reckons these not worth the heeding,
But presses on for fame!
The public voice, touchstone of worth,
Anonymous he tries,
But draws the critic's vengeance forth—
His fancied glory dies;
Neglected now, dejected now,
He gives his spleen full scope;
In solitude he chews his cud,
A downright misanthrope.

Then, brother rhymsters, O beware!
Nor tempt unscar'd the specious snare,

* "Still restless fancy drives us headlong on;
With dreams of wealth, and friends, and laurels won,
On Ruin's brink we sleep, and wake undone."—AUTHOR.

Which self-love often weaves ;
Nor doat, with a fond father's pains,
Upon the offspring of your brains,
For fancy oft deceives :
To lighten life, a wee bit sang
Is sure a sweet illusion !
But ne'er provoke the critic's stang,
By premature intrusion :
Lock up your piece, let fondness cease,
Till mem'ry fail to bear it,
With critic lore then read it o'er,
Yourself may judge its merit.

CONNEL AND FLORA :

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

" The western sun shines o'er the loch,
And gilds the mountain's brow ;
But what are Nature's smiles to me,
Without the smile of you ?

" O will ye go to Garnock side,
Where birks and woodbines twine !
I've sought you oft to be my bride,
When, when will ye be mine ?"

" Oft as ye sought me for your bride,
My mind spoke frae my e'e ;
Then wherefore seek to win a heart,
That is not mine to gi'e ?"

" With Connel down the dusky dale,
Long plighted are my vows :
He won my heart before I wist
I had a heart to lose."

The fire flash'd from his eyes of wrath,
Dark gloom'd his heavy brow,
He grasp'd her in his arms of strength,
And strain'd to lay her low.

She wept and cried—the rocks replied—
The echoes from their cell,
On fairy wing, swift bore her voice
To Connel of the dale.

With vengeful haste he hied him up,
But when stern Donald saw
The youth approach, deep stung with guilt,
He, shame-fac'd, fled awa'.

" Ah! stay, my Connel—sheath thy sword—
O do not him pursue!
For mighty are his arms of strength,
And thou the fight may'st rue."

" No!—wait thou here—I'll soon return—
I mark'd him from the wood!
The lion heart of jealous love
Burns for its rival's blood!"

" Ho! stop thee, coward—villain vile!
With all thy boasted art,
My sword's blade soon shall dim its shine,
Within thy reynard heart!"

" Ha! foolish stripling, dost thou urge
The deadly fight with me?
This arm strove hard in Flodden Field,
Dost think 'twill shrink from thee!"

" Thy frequent vaunts of Flodden Field
Were ever fraught with guile;
For honour ever marks the brave,
But thou'rt a villain vile!"

Their broad blades glitter to the sun,
The woods resound each clash,
Young Connel sinks 'neath Donald's sword,
With deep and deadly gash.

" Ah! dearest Flora, soon our morn
Of love is overcast!
The hills look dim—Alas! my love!"—
He groan'd, and breath'd his last.

" Stay, ruthless ruffian!—murderer!
Here glut thy savage wrath!
Be thou the baneful minister
To join us low in death!"

In wild despair she tore her hair,
Sunk speechless by his side—
Mild Evening wept in dewy tears,
And, wrapt in night, she died.

This attempt to engraft modern refinement upon ancient simplicity is, we humbly think, unsuccessful.—Ed.

THE COCK-PIT.

The barbarous amusement of seeing two animals instinctively destroying each other, certainly affords sufficient scope for the pen of the satirist. The author thought he could not do it more effectually than by giving a picture of the Cock-pit, and describing a few of the characters who generally may be seen at such glorious contests.—AUTHOR.

"THE great, th' important hour is come,"
O Hope! thou wily nurse!
I see bad luck behind thy back,
Dark brooding deep remorse.

No fancied muse will I invoke,
To grace my humble strain,
But sing my song in homely phrase,
Inspir'd by what I've seen.

Here comes a feeder with his charge,
'Mong friends 'tis whisper'd straight,
How long he swung him on a string,
To bring him to his weight.

The carpet's laid—pit-money drawn—
All's high with expectation;
With birds bereft of Nature's garb,
The "handlers" take their station.

What roaring, betting, bawling, swearing,
Now assail the ear!
"Three pounds!—four pounds, on Philips' cock!"
—Done!—Done, by G–d, Sir!—here.

Now cast a serious eye around—
Behold the motley group,
All gamblers, swindlers, ragamuffins,
Votaries of the stoup.

Here sits a wretch with meagre face,
And sullen drowsy eye;
Nor speaks he much—last night, at cards,
A gamester drain'd him dry.

Here bawls another vent'rous soul,
Who risks his every farthing;
What deil's the matter! though at home
His wife and brats are starving.

See, here's a father 'gainst a son,
A brother 'gainst a brother,
Who, e'en with more than common spite,
Bark hard at one another.

But see yon fellow all in black,
His looks speak inward joy;
Mad happy since his father's death,
Sporting his legacy.

And, mark—that aged debauchee,
With red bepimpl'd face—
He fain would bet a crown or two,
But purse is not in case.

But hark, that cry!—"He's run! he's run!"—
And loud huzzas take place—
Now mark what deep dejection sits
On every loser's face.

Observe the owner—frantic man,
With imprecations dread,
He grasps his vanquish'd idol-god,
And twirls off his head.

But, bliss attend their feeling souls,
Who no such deeds delight in!
Brutes are but brutes, let men be men,
Nor pleasure in cock-fighting.

This little piece says much for the humane disposition of the author. We have been assured that it gives a very just description of what may be witnessed at such degrading exhibitions.—Ed.

PROLOGUE

TO

'THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:"

Spoken in a Provincial Theatre.

Ye patronisers of our little party,
My heart's e'en light to see you a' sae hearty,
I'm fain indeed, and troth! I've meikle cause,
Since your blithe faces half insure applause.
We come this night with nae new-fangl'd story,
Of knave's deceit, or fop's vain blust'ring glory,
Nor harlequin's wild pranks, with skin like leopard,—
We're come to gie your ain auld Gentle Shepherd,
Whilk aye will charm, and will be read, and acket,
Till Time himsel' turn auld, and kick the bucket.
I mind, langsyne, when I was just a callan,
That a' the kintra rang in praise o' Allan;
Ilk rising generation toots his fame,
And, hun'er years to come, 'twill be the same:
For wha has read, though e'er sae lang sinsyne,
But keeps the living picture on his min';
Approves bauld Patie's clever manly turn,
And maist thinks Roger cheap o' Jenny's scorn;
His dowless gait, the cause of a' his care,
For "nane, except the brave, deserve the fair."

Hence sweet young Peggy lo'ed her manly Pate,
And Jenny geck'd at Roger, dowf and blate.

Our gude Sir William stands a lesson leal
To lairds wha'd hae their vassals lo'e them weel;
To prince and peer, this maxim it imparts,
Their greatest treasures are the people's hearts.

Frae Glaud and Simon would we draw a moral,
"The virtuous youth-time mak's the canty carl,"
The twa auld birkies caper blithe and bauld,
Nor shaw the least regret that they're turn'd auld.

Poor Bauldy! O 'tis like to split my jaws!
I think I see him under Madge's claws:
Sae may Misfortune tear him spawl and plack,
Wha'd wrang a bonny lass, and syne draw back.

But, Sirs, to you I maist forgat my mission;
I'm sent to beg a truce to criticism:
We don't pretend to speak by square and rule,
Like yon wise chaps bred up in Thespian school;
And to your wishes should we not succeed,
Pray be sae kind as tak' the will for deed.

THE CONTRAST:

INSCRIBED TO JAMES SCADLOCK.—AUGUST, 1803.

When Love proves false, and friends betray us,
All nature seems a dismal chaos
Of wretchedness and wo;
We stamp mankind a base ingrate,
Half loathing life, we challenge fate
To strike the final blow.

Then settled grief, with wild despair,
Stares from our blood-shot eyes,
Though oft we try to hide our care,
And check our bursting sighs
Still vexed, sae wretched,
We seek some lonely wood.
There sighing, and crying,
We pour the briny flood.

The contrast mark—what joys we find,
With friends sincere and beauty kind,
Congenial to our wishes;
Then life appears a summer's day,
Adown Time's crystal stream we play,
As sportive's little fishes.
We see nought then but general good,
Which warm pervades all nature;
Our hearts expand with gratitude
Unto the great Creator.
Then let's revere the virtuous fair,
The friend whose truth is tried,
For, without these, go where we please,
We'll always find a void.

ODE TO JEALOUSY.

Mark what demon hither bends,
Gnawing still his finger ends,
Wrapt in contemplation deep,
Wrathful, yet inclin'd to weep.

Thy wizard gait, thy breath-check'd broken sigh,
Thy burning cheeks, thy lips, black, wither'd, dry;
Thy side-thrown glance, with wild malignant eye,
Betray thy foul intent, infernal Jealousy.

Hence, thou self-tormenting fiend,
To thy spleen-dug cave descend;
Fancying wrongs that never were,
Rend thy bosom, tear thy hair,
Brood fell hate within thy den,
Come not near the haunts of men.

Let man be faithful to his brother man,
Nor, guileful, still pervert kind Heaven's plan;
Then slavish fear, and mean distrust shall cease,
And confidence confirm a lasting mental peace.

THE TRIFLER'S SABBATH-DAY.

Loud sounds the deep-mouthed parish bell,
Religion kirkward hies,
John lies in bed and counts each knell,
And thinks 'tis time to rise.

But, O how weak are man's resolves!
His projects ill to keep,
John thrusts his nose beneath the clothes,
And dozes o'er asleep.

Now fairy fancy plays her freaks
Upon his sleep-swell'd brain;
He dreams—he starts—he mutt'ring speaks,
And waukens wi' a grane.

He rubs his een—the clock strikes twelve—
Impell'd by hunger's gripe,
One mighty effort backs resolve—
He's up—at last he's up!

Hunger appeased, his cutty pipe
Employs his time till Two,—
And now he saunters through the house,
And knows not what to do.

He baits the trap—catches a mouse—
He sports it round the floor;
He swims it in a water tub—
Gets glorious fun till Four!

And now of cats, and mice, and rats,
He tells a thousand tricks,
Till even dulness tires himself,
For hark—the clock strikes Six!

Now view him in his easy chair
Recline his pond'rous head;
'Tis Eight—now Bessie rakes the fire,
And John must go to bed!

Re-printed from the first edition.—Ed.

ODE

IN IMITATION OF PETER PINDAR, (DR WOLCOTT.)

The simile's a very useful thing;
This priests and poets needs must own;
For when the clock-work of their brains runs down,
A simile winds up the mental spring.
For instance, when a priest does scan
The fall of man,
And all its consequences dire,
He makes him first a little sportive pig,
So clean, so innocent, so trig,
And then an aged sow, deep wallowing in the mire!

Yes, sure the simile's a useful thing,
Another instance I will bring.
Thou'st seen a cork tost on the rain-swell'd stream,
Now up, now down, now whirl'd round and round,
Yet still 'twould swim,
And all the torrent's fury could not drown't;
So have I seen a forward empty fop
Tost in Wit's blanket, ridicul'd, et cetera;
Yet, after all the banter, off he'd hop,
Quite confident in self-sufficiency.

Ah! had kind Heaven,
For a defence,
Allow'd me half the brazen confidence
That she to many a cork-brain'd fool hath given!

THE PORTRAIT OF GUILT:

IN IMITATION OF M. G. LEWIS.

'Twas night, and the winds through the dark forest roar'd,
From Heaven's wide cat'racts the torrents down pour'd,
And blue lightnings flash'd on the eye;
Demoniac howlings were heard in the air,
With groans of deep anguish, and shrieks of despair,
And hoarse thunders growl'd through the sky.

Pale, breathless, and trembling, the dark villain stood,
His hands and his clothes all bespotted with blood,
His eyes wild with terror did stare;
The earth yawn'd around him, and sulphurous blue,
From the flame-boiling gaps, did expose to his view,
A gibbet and skeleton bare.

With horror he shrunk from a prospect so dread,
The blast swung the clanking chains over his head,
The rattling bones sung in the wind;

The lone bird of night from the abbey did cry,
He look'd o'er his shoulder intending to fly,
  But a spectre stood ghastly behind.

"Stop, deep hell-taught villain!" the ghost did exclaim,
"With thy brother of guilt here to expiate thy crime,
  And atone for thy treacherous vow:
'Tis here thou shalt hang to the vultures a prey,
Till piece-meal they tear thee and bear thee away,
  And thy bones rot unburied below."

Now closing all round him fierce demons did throng,
In sounds all unholy they howl'd their death-song,
  And the vultures around them did scream;
Now clenching their claws in his fear-bristled hair,
Loud yelling they bore him aloft in the air,
  And the murd'rer awoke—'twas a dream.

THE HAUNTET WUD:

IN IMITATION OF JOHN BARBOUR.

Quhy screim the crowis owr yonder wud,
  With loude and clamourynge dynne,
Haf deifenynge the torrentis roar,
  Quhilk dashis owr yon linne?

Quhy straye the flokis far outowr,
  Alang the stanery lee,
And wil nocht graze anear the wud,
  Thof ryche the pasturis be?

And quhy dis oft the sheipherdis dog,
  Gif that ane lamikyne straye,
Aye yamf and yowl besyde the wud,
  Nae farthir yn wil gaye?

"Marvil thee nocht at quhat thou seist,"
The tremblynge rusticke sayde,
'For yn that feindis-hauntet wud,
Hath guyltlesse blude been sched.

"Thou seist far down yon buschye howe,
An eldrin castil greye,
With teth of tyme, and weir of wyndis,
Fast mould'ryng yn decaye.

"'Twas thair the jealous Barronne livit,
With Ladie Anne hys wyfe;
He fleichit her neath that wudis dark glume,
And revit hyr ther of lyffe.

"And eir hyr fayre bodye was founde,
The flesch cam frae the bane,
The snailis sat feistyng onne hyr cheikis,
The spydiris velit hyr ein.

"And evir syne nae beist nor byrde
Will byde twa nichtis thair,
For fearful yellis and screichis wylde
Are heird throuch nicht sae dreir."

"'The Hauntet Wud' is a bonnie little poem, considered as such, but far from being any thing like an imitation of John Barbour. . . . Tannahill had neither leisure, education, nor means, to qualify himself for the perusal of Barbour and other venerable *makers*, much less to imitate their productions. Yet, though he has been unsuccessful, we cannot help loving him for thus showing that he was acquainted with the name, if not with the language, of one of the oldest of our epic poets." So said a very competent judge and successful imitator of our ancient bards, the late William Motherwell, in an Essay on the Poets of Renfrewshire, prefixed to the 'Harp of Renfrewshire,' p. xli. The Essay was published anonymously, and we now claim it for our friend.

If Tannahill failed in the above attempt, it was not for

the want of a liberal allowance of consonants, which (to use a figure of Sir Walter Scott's when writing of Chatterton) are "doubled like the sentinels of an endangered army." —Ed.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR, AND READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF ROBERT BURNS' BIRTH-DAY, BY THE PAISLEY BURNS' CLUB, 1805.

Once on a time, almighty Jove
Invited all the minor gods above,
To spend one day in social festive pleasure:
His legal robes were laid aside,
His crown, his sceptre, and his pride;
And, wing'd with joy,
The hours did fly,
The happiest ever Time did measure.

Of love and social harmony they sung,
Till heav'n's high golden arches echoing rung;
And as they quaff'd the nectar-flowing can,
Their toast was,
"Universal peace 'twixt man and man."

Their godships' eyes beam'd gladness with the wish,
And Mars half-redden'd with a guilty blush;
Jove swore he'd hurl each rascal to perdition,
Who'd dare deface his works with wild ambition;
But pour'd encomiums on each patriot band,
Who, hating conquest, guard their native land.

Loud thund'ring plaudits shook the bright abodes,
Till Merc'ry, solemn-voiced, assail'd their ears,
Informing, that a stranger, all in tears,
Weeping, implored an audience of the gods.

Jove, ever prone to succour the distrest,
A swell redressive glow'd within his breast,
He pitied much the stranger's sad condition,
And ordered his immediate admission.

The stranger enter'd, bow'd respect to all,
Respectful silence reign'd throughout the hall:
His chequer'd robes excited their surprise,
Richly transvers'd with various glowing dyes;
A target on his strong left arm he bore,
Broad as the shield the mighty Fingal wore;
The glowing landscape on its centre shin'd,
And massy thistles round the borders twin'd;
His brows were bound with yellow-blossom'd broom,
Green birch and roses blending in perfume;
His eyes beam'd honour, though all red with grief,
And thus heaven's King spake comfort to the chief:
"My son, let speech unfold thy cause of wo,
Say, why does melancholy cloud thy brow?
'Tis mine the wrongs of virtue to redress;
Speak, for 'tis mine to succour deep distress."
Then thus he spake: "O King! by thy command,
I am the guardian of that far-fam'd land
Nam'd Caledonia, great in arts and arms,
And every worth that social fondness charms,
With every virtue that the heart approves,
Warm in their friendships, rapt'rous in their loves,
Profusely generous, obstinately just,
Inflexible as death their vows of trust:
For independence fires their noble minds,
Scorning deceit, as gods do scorn the fiends.
But what avail the virtues of the North,
No patriot bard to celebrate their worth,
No heav'n-taught minstrel, with the voice of song,
To hymn their deeds, and make their names live long?

And ah! should Luxury, with soft winning wiles,
Spread her contagion o'er my subject isles,
My hardy sons, no longer Valour's boast,
Would sink despis'd, their wonted greatness lost.
Forgive my wish, O King! I speak with awe,
Thy will is fate, thy word is sovereign law!
O! would'st thou deign thy suppliant to regard,
And grant my country one true patriot bard,
My sons would glory in the blessing given,
And virtuous deeds spring from the gift of Heaven!"

To which the god: "My son, cease to deplore,
Thy name in song shall sound the world all o'er;
Thy bard shall rise, full fraught with all the fire
That Heav'n and free-born nature can inspire ·
Ye sacred Nine, your golden harps prepare,
T' instruct the fav'rite of my special care,
That whether the song be rais'd to war or love,
His soul-wing'd strains may equal those above.
Now, faithful to thy trust, from sorrow free,
Go wait the issue of our high decree."—
Speechless the Genius stood, in glad surprise,
Adoring gratitude beam'd in his eyes;
The promis'd bard his soul with transport fills,
And light with joy he sought his native hills.

'Twas from regard to Wallace and his worth,
Jove honour'd Coila with his birth;
And on that morn,
When Burns was born,
Each Muse with joy,
Did hail the boy;
And Fame, on tiptoe, fain would blown her horn.
But Fate forbade the blast, so premature,
Till worth should sanction it beyond the critic's power.
His merits proven—Fame her blast hath blown,
Now Scotia's Bard o'er all the world is known—

But trembling doubts here check my unpolished lays,
What can they add to a whole world's praise?
Yet, while revolving time this day returns,
Let Scotsmen glory in the name of BURNS.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR, AND PERFORMED AT THE CELEBRATION OF BURNS' BIRTH-DAY, BY THE PAISLEY BURNS' CLUB, 1807.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Gallia's chief, with cruel conquests vain,
Bids clanging trumpets rend the skies,
The widow's, orphan's, and the father's sighs,
Breathe, hissing through the guilty strain;
Mild Pity hears the harrowing tones,
Mix'd with shrieks and dying groans;
While warm Humanity, afar,
Weeps o'er the ravages of war,
And shudd'ring hears Ambition's servile train,
Rejoicing o'er their thousands slain.
But when the song to worth is given,
The grateful anthem wings its way to heaven:
Rings through the mansions of the bright abodes,
And melts to ecstasy the list'ning gods:
Apollo, on fire,
Strikes with rapture the lyre,
And the Muses the summons obey;
Joy wings the glad sound,
To the worlds around,
Till all nature re-echoes the lay.—
Then raise the song, ye vocal few,
Give the praise to merit due.

SONG.

Set to music by Smith.

Though dark scowling Winter, in dismal array,
Remarshals his storms on the bleak hoary hill,
With joy we assemble to hail the great day
That gave birth to the Bard who ennobles our isle:
Then loud to his merits the song let us raise,
Let each true Caledonian exult in his praise;
For the glory of genius, its dearest reward,
Is the laurel entwin'd by his country's regard.

Let the Muse bring fresh honours his name to adorn,
Let the voice of glad melody pride in the theme,
For the genius of Scotia, in ages unborn,
Will light up her torch at the blaze of his fame.
When the dark mist of ages lies turbid between,
Still his star of renown through the gloom shall be seen,
And his rich blooming laurels, so dear to the Bard,
Will be cherish'd for aye by his country's regard.

RECITATIVE.

Yes, BURNS, "thou dear departed shade!"
When rolling centuries have fled,
Thy name shall still survive the wreck of time,
Shall rouse the genius of thy native clime;
Bards yet unborn, and patriots shall come,
And catch fresh ardour at thy hallow'd tomb!
There's not a cairn-built cottage on our hills,
Nor rural hamlet on our fertile plains,
But echoes to the magic of thy strains,
While every heart with highest transport thrills.
Our country's melodies shall perish never,
For, BURNS, thy songs shall live for ever.
Then, once again, ye vocal few,
Give the song to merit due.

SONG.

Written to MARSH's national Air, "Britons, who for freedom bled."

Harmonized as a glee by Smith.

HAIL, ye glorious sons of song,
Who wrote to humanize the soul!
To you our highest strains belong,
Your names shall crown our friendly bowl:
But chiefly, BURNS, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotsman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth, shall ever be!

Fathers of our country's weal,
Sternly virtuous, bold and free!
Ye taught your sons to fight, yet feel
The dictates of humanity:
But chiefly, BURNS, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotsman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth, shall ever be!

Haughty Gallia threats our coast,
We hear her vaunts with disregard,
Secure in valour, still we boast
"The Patriot, and the Patriot-bard."
But chiefly, BURNS, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engraved in every Scotsman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth, shall ever be!

Yes, Caledonians! to our country true,
Which Danes nor Romans never could subdue,
Firmly resolv'd our native rights to guard,
Let's toast "The Patriot, and the Patriot-bard."

ODE,

RECITED BY THE PRESIDENT AT THE CELEBRATION OF BURNS' BIRTH-DAY, BY THE PAISLEY BURNS' CLUB, 1810.

AGAIN the happy day returns,
A day to Scotsmen ever dear;
Though bleakest of the changeful year,
It blest us with a BURNS.

Fierce the whirling blast may blow,
Drifting wide the crispy snow;
Rude the ruthless storms may sweep,
Howling round our mountains steep,
While the heavy lashing rains,
Swell our rivers, drench our plains,
And the angry ocean roars
Round our broken, craggy shores;
But mindful of our poet's worth,
We hail the honour'd day that gave him birth.

Come, ye vot'ries of the lyre,
Trim the torch of heav'nly fire,
Raise the song in Scotia's praise,
Sing anew her bonny braes,
Sing her thousand siller streams,
Bickering to the sunny beams;
Sing her sons beyond compare,
Sing her dochters, peerless, fair;
Sing, till winter's storms be o'er,
The matchless bards that sung before;
And I, the meanest of the Muse's train,
Shall join my feeble aid to swell the strain.

Dear Scotia, though thy clime be cauld,
Thy sons were ever brave and bauld,
Thy dochters modest, kind, and leal,
The fairest in creation's fiel';

Alike inur'd to every toil,
Thou'rt foremost in the battle broil;
Prepar'd alike in peace and weir,
To guide the plough or wield the spear;
As the mountain torrent raves,
Dashing through its rugged caves,
So the Scottish legions pour
Dreadful in th' avenging hour:
But when Peace, with kind accord,
Bids them sheath the sated sword,
See them in their native vales,
Jocund as the summer gales,
Cheering labour all the day,
With some merry roundelay.

Dear Scotia, though thy nights be drear,
When surly winter rules the year,
Around thy cottage hearth are seen
The glow of health, the cheerful mien;
The mutual glance that fondly shares,
A neighbour's joys, a neighbour's cares:
Here oft, while raves the wind and weet,
The canty lads and lasses meet.
Sae light of heart, sae full of glee,
Their gaits sae artless and sae free,
The hours of joy come dancing on,
To share their frolick and their fun.
Here many a song and jest goes round
With tales of ghosts and rites profound,
Perform'd in dreary wizard glen,
By wrinkled hags and warlock men,
Or of the hell-fee'd crew combin'd
Carousing on the midnight wind,
On some infernal errand bent,
While darkness shrouds their black intent,
But chiefly, Burns, thy songs delight
To charm the weary winter night,

And bid the lingering moments flee,
Without a care unless for thee,
Wha sang sae sweet and dee't sae soon,
And sought thy native sphere aboon.
" Thy lovely Jean," thy " Nannie, O,"
Thy much lov'd " Caledonia,"
Thy " Wat ye wha's in yonder town,"
Thy " Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,"
Thy " Shepherdess on Afton Braes,"
Thy " Logan Lassie's" bitter waes,
Are a' gane o'er sae sweetly tun'd,
That e'en the storm, pleased with the sound,
Fa's lown and sings with eerie slight,
" O let me in this ae night."

Alas ! our best, our dearest Bard,
How poor, how great was his reward ;
Unaided he has fix'd his name,
Immortal, in the rolls of fame ;
Yet who can hear without a tear,
What sorrows wrung his manly breast,
To see his little helpless filial band,
Imploring succour from a father's hand,
And there no succour near ?
Himself the while with sick'ning woes opprest,
Fast hast'ning on to where the weary rest :—
For this let Scotia's bitter tears atone,
She reck'd not half his worth till he was gone.

The above ode appeared in the Scots Magazine for February 1810, but has not till now been inserted in any edition of our author's works. It was with considerable reluctance that he complied with the request of the Club to compose this, his third effusion for one of their anniversary meetings. He thought it was tasking himself like the Poet-laureate of the time, to indite an annual ode for the King's birth-day.—Ed.

WILL MACNEIL'S ELEGY.

" He was a man without a clag;
His heart was frank without a flaw."*

Responsive to the roaring floods,
Ye winds, howl plaintive through the woods;
Thou gloomy sky, pour down hail clouds,
His death to wail;
For bright as heaven's brightest studs,
Shin'd Will MacNeil.

He every selfish thought did scorn,
His warm heart in his looks did burn,
Ilk body own'd his kindly turn,
And gait sae leal;
A kinder saul was never born
Than Will MacNeil.

He ne'er kept up a hidlin plack
To spend ahint a comrade's back,
But on the table gar'd it whack,
Wi' free gude will:
Free as the wind on winter stack,
Was Will MacNeil.

He ne'er could bide a narrow saul,
To a' the social virtues caul';
He wish'd ilk sic a fiery scaul',
His shins to peel:
Nane sic durst herd in field or faul'
Wi' Will MacNeil

* In the previous editions the name of " King Jamie the First" has been attached to the lines which form the motto; but they are not to be found in any of the works of that monarch. They occur in the song of " Willie was a wanton wag," a much later production, ascribed to William Walkinshaw, a member of the now extinct family of Walkinshaw *of that ilk*, near Paisley.—Ed.

He aye abhorr'd the spaniel art;
Aye when he spak' twas frae the heart;
An honest, open, manly part,
He aye uphel':
"Guile should be davel'd i' the dirt,"
Said Will MacNeil.

He ne'er had greed to gather gear,
Yet rigid kept his credit clear;
He ever was to Misery dear,
Her loss she'll feel:
She aye got saxpence, or a tear,
Frae Will MacNeil.

In Scotch antiquities he pridet;
Auld Hardyknute, he kent wha made it;
The bagpipe too, he sometimes sey'd it;
Pibroch and reel:
Our ain auld language few could read it,
Like Will MacNeil.

In wilyart glens he lik'd to stray,
By foggie rocks, or castle grey;
Yet ghaist-rid rustics ne'er did say,
"Uncanny chiel!"
They fill'd their horns wi' usquebae
To Will MacNeil.

He sail'd and trampet mony a mile,
To visit auld I-columb-kill;
He clamb the heights o' Jura's isle,
Wi' weary spiel;
But siccan sights aye pay'd the toil
Wi' Will MacNeil.

He rang'd through Morven's hills and glens,
Saw some o' Ossian's moss-grown stanes,

Where rest his low-laid heroes' banes,
Deep in the hill;
He croon'd a c'ronach to their manes,—
Kind Will MacNeil!

He was deep-read in nature's buik,
Explor'd ilk dark mysterious cruik,
Kend a' her laws wi' antrin luik,
And that right weel;
But (fate o' genius) death soon tuik
Aff Will MacNeil.

Of ilka rock he kent the ore,
He kend the virtues o' ilk flow'r,
Ilk banefu' plant he kent its power
And warn'd frae ill:
A' nature's warks few could explore
Like Will MacNeil.

He kend a' creatures, clute and tail,
Down frae the lion to the snail,
Up frae the mennoun to the whale,
And kraken eel;
Scarce ane could tell their gaits sae weel
As Will MacNeil.

Nor past he ought thing slightly by,
But with keen scrutinizing eye,
He to its inmaist bore would pry,
Wi' wondrous skill;
And teaching ithers aye gae joy
To Will MacNeil.

He kend auld Archimedes' gait,
What way he burnt the Roman fleet,
"'Twas by the rays' reflected heat,
"Frae speculum steel;
"For bare refraction ne'er could do't;"
Said Will MacNeil.

Yet fame his praise did never rair it,
For poortith's weeds obscur'd his merit,
Forby, he had a bashfu' spirit,
That sham'd to tell
His worth or wants ; let envy spare it,
To Will MacNeil.

O Barra,* thou wast sair to blame !
I here record it to thy shame,
Thou luit the brightest o' thy name,
Unheeded steal,
Through murky life to his lang hame,—
Poor Will MacNeil.

He ne'er did wrang to living creature,
For ill, Will hadna't in his nature ;
A warm, kind heart his leading feature,
His main-spring wheel ;
Ilk virtue grew to noble stature
In Will MacNeil.

There's no a man that ever ken'd him,
But wi' his tears will lang lament him ;
He has na' left his match ahint him,
At hame or 'fiel ;
His worth lang on our minds will print him,—
Kind Will MacNeil.

But close, my sang ; my hamewart lays
Are far unfit to speak his praise ;
Our happy nights, our happy days,
Fareweel, fareweel !
Now dowie, mute—tears speak our waes
For Will MacNeil

* MacNeil of Barra, the generally understood chief of the clan.—ED.

THE CONTRARY.

Get up, my Muse, and sound thy chanter,
Nor langer wi' our feelings saunter ;
Ilk true-blue Scot, get up and canter,
He's hale and weel !
And lang may Fate keep aff mischanter
Frae Will MacNeil.

William MacNeil was a surgeon in Old Kilpatrick, and survived for some years the friend by whom his good qualities are here celebrated.—Ed.

PRAYER, UNDER AFFLICTION.

Almighty Power, who wing'st the storm,
And calm'st the raging wind,
Restore health to my wasted form,
And tranquillize my mind.

For, ah ! how poignant is the grief
Which self-misconduct brings,
When racking pains find no relief,
And injur'd conscience stings.

Let penitence forgiveness plead,
Hear lenient mercy's claims,
Thy justice let be satisfied,
And blotted out my crimes.

But should thy sacred law of right,
Seek life a sacrifice,
O ! haste that awful, solemn night,
When death shall veil mine eyes.

THE FILIAL VOW.

Why heaves my mother oft the deep-drawn sigh?
Why starts the big tear glist'ning in her eye?
Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?
Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish relief?
'Tis for my father, mould'ring with the dead,
My brother, in bold manhood, lowly laid,
And for the pains which age is doom'd to bear,
She heaves the deep-drawn sigh, and drops the secret tear.
Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy;
She grieves to think she may be burdensome,
Now feeble, old, and tott'ring to the tomb.

O hear me, Heaven! and record my vow;
Its non-performance let thy wrath pursue!
I swear—Of what thy providence may give,
My mother shall her due maintenance have.
'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way:
Now, while her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep,
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

For the circumstances under which this vow, so creditable to the filial piety of the author, was written, see the Memoir.—Ed.

EILD:

A FRAGMENT.

THE rough hail rattles through the trees,
The sullen lift low'rs gloomy grey,
The trav'ller sees the swelling storm,
And seeks the ale-house by the way.

But, waes me! for yon widow'd wretch,
Borne down with years and heavy care,
Her sapless fingers scarce can nip
The wither'd twigs to beet her fire.

Thus youth and vigour fends itsel',
Its help, reciprocal, is sure,
While dowless Eild, in poortith cauld,
Is lonely left to stand the stoure.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON THE GRAVE-STONE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

STOP, passenger—here muse a while—
Think on his darksome lone abode,
Who late, like thee, did jocund smile,
But now lies 'neath this cold green sod.

Art thou to vicious ways inclin'd,
Pursuing Pleasure's flow'ry road?
Know—fell Remorse shall rack thy mind,
When tott'ring to thy cold green sod.

If thou a friend to virtue art,
Oft pitying burden'd mis'ry's load;
Like thee, he had a feeling heart,
Who lies beneath this cold green sod.

With studious philosophic eye,
He look'd through nature up to God;
His future hope his greatest joy,
Who lies beneath this cold green sod.

Go, passenger—revere this truth;
A life well spent in doing good,
Soothes joyless age, and sprightly youth,
When drooping o'er the cold green sod.

ON ALEXANDER WILSON'S EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

O DEATH! it's no thy deeds I mourn,
Though oft my heart-strings thou hast torn;
'Tis worth and merit left forlorn,
Life's ills to dree,
Gars now the pearly, brackish burn
Gush frae my e'e.

Is there who feels the melting glow
Of sympathy for ithers' wo?
Come, let our tears thegither flow;
O join my mane!
For Wilson, worthiest of us a',
For aye is gane.

He bravely strove 'gainst fortune's stream,
While hope held forth ae distant gleam;
Till dash'd and dash'd, time after time,
On life's rough sea,
He wept his native thankless clime,
And sail'd away.

The patriot bauld, the social brither,
In him were sweetly join'd thegither;

He knaves reprov'd without a swither,
In keenest satire,
And taught what mankind owe each ither
As sons of nature.

If thou hast heard his wee bit wren
Wail forth its sorrows through the glen,
Tell how his warm, descriptive pen
Has thrill'd thy saul:
His sensibility sae keen,
He felt for all.

Since now he's gane, and Burns is dead,
Ah! wha will tune the Scottish reed?
Her thistle, dowie, hangs its head;
Her harp's unstrung;
While mountain, river, loch and mead,
Remain unsung.

Fareweel, thou much neglected bard!
These lines will speak my warm regard,
While strangers on a foreign sward
Thy worth hold dear;
Still some kind heart thy name shall guard
Unsullied here.

Alexander Wilson was born in Paisley in 1766, where he followed the trade of a weaver, and acquired considerable celebrity for his poetical productions. As a graphic description of low life, his 'Watty and Meg' has rarely been equalled.

Wilson emigrated to the United States in 1794, and died at Philadelphia in 1813, the victim of intense application to the study of the natural history of the birds of that country. His great work on American Ornithology —the fruit of ten years spent in unparalleled activity, romantic adventure, and daring research—forms an imperishable monument to the memory of this extraordinary man. —Ed.

THE POOR BOWLMAN'S REMONSTRANCE.

THROUGH winter's cold and summer's heat,
I earn my scanty fare;
From morn till night, along the street,
I cry my earthen ware:
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
And mock not that decrepitude,
Which draws me from my solitude,
To cry my plates and bowls!

From thoughtless youth I often brook
The trick and taunt of scorn,
And though indiff'rence marks my look,
My heart with grief is torn:
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
Nor sneer contempt in passing by;
Nor mock, derisive, while I cry,
'Come, buy my plates and bowls.'

The potter moulds the passive clay
To all the forms you see:
And that same Pow'r that formed you,
Hath likewise fashion'd me.
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
Though needy, poor as poor can be,
I stoop not to your charity,
But cry my plates and bowls.

When decrepitude incapacitates a brother of humanity from gaining a subsistence by any of the less dishonourable callings, and when he possesses that independence of soul which disdains living on charity, it is certainly a refinement in barbarity to hurt the feelings of such a one. The above was written on seeing the boys plaguing little Johnnie the Bowlman, while some, who thought themselves men, were reckoning it excellent sport.—AUTHOR.

Another proof of the humane disposition of Tannahill. —ED.

SONNET TO SINCERITY.

Pure emanation of the honest soul,
Dear to my heart, manly Sincerity!
Dissimulation shrinks, a coward foul,
Before thy noble art-detesting eye.

Thou scorn'st the wretch who acts a double part,
Obsequious, servile, flatt'ring to betray;
With smiling face that veils a ranc'rous heart,
Like sunny morning of tempestuous day.

Thou spurn'st the sophist, with his guilty lore,
Whom int'rest prompts to weave the specious snare;
In independence rich, thou own'st a store
Of conscious worth, which changelings never share.

Then come, bright virtue, with thy dauntless brow,
And crush deceit, vile monster, reptile-low.

LINES

WRITTEN ON READING "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

How seldom 'tis the Poet's happy lot,
T' inspire his readers with the fire he wrote;
To strike those chords that wake the latent thrill,
And wind the willing passions to his will:
Yes, Campbell, sure that happy lot is thine,
With fit expression, rich from Nature's mine,
Like old Timotheus, skilful plac'd on high,
To rouse revenge, or soothe to sympathy.
Blest Bard! who chose no paltry, local theme,—
Kind Hope through wide creation is the same;
Yes, Afric's sons shall one day burst their chains,
Will read thy lines, and bless thee for thy pains;

Fame yet shall waft thy name to India's shore,
Where next to Brahma they thee will adore ;
And hist'ry's page, exulting in thy praise,
Will proudly hand thee down to future days—
Detraction foil'd, reluctant quits her grip,
And carping Envy silent bites her lip.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING A SPIDER DART OUT UPON A FLY.

Let gang your grip, ye auld grim devil!
Else with ae crush I'll mak' you civil :
Like debtor-bard in merchant's claw,
The fient o' mercy ye've at a' !
Sae spite and malice (hard to ken 'em,)
Sit spewing out their secret venom :—
Ah, hear !—poor buzzard's roaring murder :
Let gang !—Na faith !—Thou scorn'st my order !—
Weel, tak' thou that !—vile ruthless creature !
For who but hates a savage nature ?—
Sic fate to ilk unsocial kebar,
Who lays a snare to wrang his neighbour.

LINES,

ON SEEING A FOP PASS AN OLD BEGGAR.

He who, unmov'd, can hear the suppliant cry
Of pallid wretch, plac'd on the pathway side,
Nor deigns one pitying look, but passes by
In all the pomp of self-adoring pride—
So may some great man vex his little soul,
When he, obsequious, makes his lowest bow ;
Turn from him with a look that says, " Vain fool,"
And speak to some poor man whom he would shame to know.

PARODY ON 'LULLABY.'

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE LATE MR THOMAS WILLOUGHBY, TRAGEDIAN, RATHER BELOW HIMSELF.

Peaceful, slumb'ring in the ale-house,
See the godlike Rolla lie;
Drink outwits the best of fellows:
Here lies poor Tom Willoughby.

Where is stern king Richard's fury?
Where is Osmond's blood-flush'd eye?
See these mighty men before ye,
Sunk to poor Tom Willoughby.

Pity 'tis that men of merit,
Thus such sterling worth destroy:
O ye gods! did I inherit
Half the pow'rs of Willoughby.

This piece appeared in the author's edition, but it has hitherto been omitted in the posthumous ones.—Ed.

LINES

ON A FLATTERER.

I hate a flatt'rer as I hate the devil,
But Tom's a very, very pleasant dog;
Of course let's speak of him in terms more civil—
I hate a flatt'rer as I hate a hog:
Not but applause is music to mine ears,
He is a knave who says he likes it not,
But when in Friendship's guise Deceit appears,
'Twould fret a Stoic's frigid temper hot.

A RESOLVE.

WRITTEN ON HEARING A FELLOW TELL SOME STORIES TO THE HURT OF HIS BEST FRIENDS.

As secret's the grave be the man whom I trust ;
What friendship imparts still let honour conceal :
A plague on those babblers, their names be accurs'd !
Still first to inquire, and the first to reveal.
As open as day let me be with the man
Who tells me my failings from motives upright ;
But when of those gossiping fools I meet one,
Let me fold in my soul, and be close as the night.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN A TAP-ROOM.

This warld's a tap-room owre and owre,
Whare ilk ane tak's his caper ;
Some taste the sweet, some drink the sour,
As waiter Fate sees proper.
Let mankind live, ae social core,
And drap a' selfish quarr'lling,
And when the Landlord ca's his score,
May ilk ane's clink be sterling.

A LESSON.

Quoth gobbin Tom of Lancashire,
To northern Jock, a lowland drover,
" Those are foin kaise thai'rt driving there,
" They've zure been fed on English clover."

" Foin kaise !" quoth Jock, " ye bleth'ring hash,
" Deil draw your nose as lang's a sow's !
" That tauk o' yours is queer-like trash,
" Foin kaise ! poor gowk !—their names are *KOOSE*."
The very fault which I in others see,
Like kind, or worse, perhaps is seen in me.

EPIGRAMS.

Cried Dick to Bob, " Great news to-day !"
" Great news," quoth Bob, " what great news, pray ?"
Said Dick, " Our gallant tars at sea,
" Have gain'd a brilliant victory."
" Indeed !" cried Bob, " it may be true,
" But that, you know, is nothing new."

' French threats of invasion let Britons defy,
" And spike the proud frogs if our coast they should crawl on."
Yes, statesmen know well that our spirits are high,
The financier has rais'd them two shillings per gallon.

Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
For scrimpet pith, to mak' amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

EPITAPHS.

ON SEEING A ONCE WORTHY CHARACTER LYING INEBRIATED ON THE STREET.

If loss of worth may draw the pitying tear,
Stop, passenger, and pay that tribute here—
Here lies whom all with justice did commend,
The rich man's pattern, and the poor man's friend;
He cheer'd pale Indigence's bleak abode,
He oft remov'd Misfortune's galling load;
Nor was his bounty to one sect confin'd,
His goodness beam'd alike on all mankind:
Now, lost in folly, all his virtues sleep—
Let's mind his former worth, and o'er his frailties weep.

FOR T. B. ESQ.*

A GENTLEMAN WHOM INDIGENCE NEVER SOLICITED IN VAIN.

Ever green be the sod o'er kind Tom of the Wood,
For the poor man he ever supplied;
We may weel say, alas! for our ain scant of grace,
That we reck'd not his worth till he died:
Though no rich marble bust mimics grief o'er his dust,
Yet fond memory his virtues will save;
Oft, at lone twilight hour, sad Remembrance shall pour
Her sorrows, unfeign'd, o'er his grave.

* This benevolent individual still survives. The allusion in the first line is to Ferguslie-wood, which is elsewhere celebrated as a favourite haunt of the author's.—Ed.

ON A CRABBED OLD MAID.

HERE slaethorn Mary's hurcheon bouk,
Resigns its fretful bristles:
And is she dead? No—reader, look,
Her grave's o'ergrown wi' thistles.

ON A FARTHING GATHERER.

HERE lies Jamie Wight, wha was wealthy and proud,
Few shar'd his regard, and far fewer his goud;
He liv'd unesteem'd, and he died unlamented,
The Kirk gat his gear, and auld Jamie is sainted!

GLOSSARY.

The *ch* and *gh* have generally the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*, and sometimes (as in *gude*) *u* only. The *a*, in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthongs *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish dipthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*. With regard to words which have more meanings than one, we have, in general, thought it necessary to give only those meanings in which they are employed by the author.

A

A', all.
A' my lane, all alone.
Abeigh, aloof, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above.
Abreed, abroad.
Ae, one.
Aff, off.
Aft, oft.
Afore, before.
Ahint, behind.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Airt, point of the compass; to direct.
Alane, alone.
Alang, along.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
Ance, once.
Ane, one, an.
Anither, another.
Antrin, occasional.
Arle, to give an earnest.
Auld, old.
Auld-farren, sagacious.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away.
Ayont, beyond.

B

Bairn, a child.
Baith, both.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat.
Baudrons, puss, a cat.
Bauld, bold; *bauldly*, boldly.
Bedeen, quickly, forthwith.
Beet, *beit*, to add fuel to the fire.
Ben, towards the inner apartment; *far ben*, far inwards.
Beuk, *buik*, a book.
Bicker, a wooden bowl or dish for holding liquor.
Bide, to abide, remain.
Bield, *beild*, shelter, protection.
Birk, birch; *birken*, birchen.
Birkie, a lively fellow.
Birsie, bristly.

Blackboyd, the bramble-berry.
Blae, livid.
Blaeberry, the bilberry.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blaud, a large piece of any thing.
Blaw, a blast, to blow; to "tak' a blaw," to take a whiff of tobacco.
Blearie, bleared.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blether, to talk idly.
Bluid, blood.
Boatie, diminutive of boat.
Bonnie, handsome, beautiful.
Bore, a small hole or crevice.
Bouk, bulk.
Bour-tree, the common elder-tree.
Bouroch, a chamber.
Brae, a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Breckan, fern.
Brither, brother.
Broo, broth, soup.
Broose, a race on horseback at country weddings.
Bughted glade, a winding glade.
Buirdly, strong, athletic.
Burn, a rivulet; *Burnie*, diminutive of burn.
Busk, to dress finely.

C

Ca', a call; to call.
Caft, did buy.
Cairny, covered with loose heaps of stones, called *cairns*.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, cool, refreshing.
Canker't, cross, ill-natured.
Canna', cannot.
Canty, cheerful, merry.
Carle, an old man.
Carline, an old woman.
Castock, the core or pith of a stalk of colewort or cabbage.
Caul', *cauld*, cold.
Chaft, *chafts*, the chops.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe; "to sound a *chanter*," to sound a pipe.
Chield, a fellow, used either in a good or bad sense.
Chirt, to squeeze.
Chuckie-bird, a chicken.
Claise, clothes.
Cleeding, clothing.
Cleuk, *cluik*, a cloak.
Clink, money; a cant term.
Clung, empty.
Clute, *cloot*, a hoof.
Coft, did buy.
Coggie, diminutive of *cog*, a wooden dish.
Coof, a blockhead.
Coots, the ancles.
Coronach, a dirge.
Cosie, *cozie*, snug, well-sheltered.
Couldna, could not.
Couthy, kind, loving.
Crabbit, crabbed.
Craig, a rock; the throat.
Craigie, diminutive of *craig*, a rock.
Cranreuch, hoarfrost.
Crawberry, the crowberry.
Crawflower, the crowflower.
Crispy, hard and brittle, like frozen snow.
Croodle, to coo as a dove.
Crooket, crooked.
Croon, to purr as a cat, to hum a tune.
Crowdie, food of the porridge kind in general.
Cruik, a crook; to crook.
Cuddle, to fondle.
Cuist, did cast.
Cushat, the wood-pigeon.
Cutty pipe, a short tobacco pipe.

D

Daffin', merriment, foolishness.
Dar'na, dare not.
Davel, to let fall, to drive.
Dee, to die.
Deil, devil.
Descrive, to describe.
Diddle, to shake, to jog.
Didna, did not.
Dizzen, a dozen.
Dochter, daughter.
Doil'd, doilt, stupid, confused.
Dolefu', doleful.
Dorty, saucy, nice, discontented.
Doubtna, doubt not.
Douf, pithless, wanting spirit.
Downa, do not.
Douring, remaining obstinately.
Dow, to be able, to thrive; also dove.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.
Dowless, spiritless, incompetent.
Dozen, to stupify.
Draff, brewers' dregs; *draff-cheap*, worthless.
Draigle, to bespatter, as with mire.
Dredgy, the funeral service; also the compotation that takes place after the funeral.
Dreep, to drop.
Drouth, drought, thirst.

E

E'e, the eye; *e'en*, the eyes.
E'ening, the evening.
Ecrie, frighted, dreading spirits.
Eident, diligent.
Eild, old age.

F

Fa,' fall, lot; to fall.
Fae, foe.
Fa'en, fallen.
Fallow, fellow.
Farm-toun, farm-house.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble.
Faught, a fight, a struggle; did fight.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Fause, false.
Feberwar, February.
Fecht, a fight; to fight.
Feck, many, plenty.
Feckless, weak in body, spiritless.
Fee, wages, to hire.
Fen', fend, the shift one makes; to shift, to support, to fare in general.
Fettle, to join closely, to repair.
Fient, fiend, (a petty oath.)
Flate, preterite of *flyte*, to scold.
Fleech, to wheedle.
Fleuk, a flounder.
Flisk, to skip, to caper.
Flunkie, a livery servant.
Forby, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Fou, fu', full, drunk.
Fouth, plenty, enough.
Frae, from.
Furthy, frank, affable.
Fyke, trifling cares; to be in a fuss about trifles.

G

Gab, the mouth.
Gae, to go.
Gait, a way, a street.
Gang, to go, to walk.

Ganger, a goer.
Gar, to force, to compel.
Gaun, going.
Gaucy, plump, jolly.
Gawkie, half-witted, foolish.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to deride.
Gettlin, a child.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gin, if, against.
Girn, to grin.
Glamour, magical deception of sight. Hence *to cast glamour o'er ane*, to cause deception of sight.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Gowan, the generic name for the daisy; singly, it denotes the mountain daisy: *gowany*, abounding with daisies.
Gowd, gold; *gowden*, golden.
Gowk, the cuckoo; also, a fool.
Graff, a grave.
Grane, a groan; to groan.
Grannie, grandmother.
Greet, to weep.
Grew, a greyhound.
Grip, a grasp; to grasp.
Groats, milled oats.
Grun, ground.
Gude, guid, good; also used for the name of God.
Gudeman, a husband.
Gudewife, a wife.
Gunk, to gi'e the, to give the slip, to jilt.
Gutcher, (corruption of *gudesire*) a grandfather.

H

Ha', hall.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
Haill, whole.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hame, home.
Hash, a sloven, a foolish fellow.
Hawdin, holding, goods.
Heather, heath
Hecht, offered,
Hee, heigh, hie, high.
Hidlin, secret.
Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
Hip, to hop.
Holm, the level low ground on the banks of a river.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, a hollow.
Howk, to dig.
Howlet, an owl.
Hubble, habble, hobble, a hubbub, a riot, a state of perplexity.
Hun'er, a hundred.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurkle, to squat, to draw the body together.

I

I', in.
Ill-faur'd, ill favoured.
Ilk, ilka, each, every.
Ingle, fire, fire-place.
Inmaist, inmost.
I'se, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another

J

Jink, to turn suddenly.
Jirgum, to jerk as with a fiddle-bow, (a cant word.)
Joe, a sweetheart.
Jorum jirger, a player of tunes on the fiddle, (a cant word.)

Jouk, to bend, to turn suddenly.

K

Kebar, *(cabbar,)* a rapacious person.
Ken, to know.
Kennin, acquaintance, a small portion, a slight degree.
Kimmer, a gossip.
Kintra, country.
Kirk, a church.
Kirkward, churchward.
Kirk-yard, a church-yard.
Knowe, a small round hillock.
Kyte, the belly.

L

Labster, a lobster.
Laddie, a boy; a fondling term applied to a young man.
Ladin', a load.
Laigh, low.
Lair, to stick in the mire.
Laird, a landholder.
Laith, loath.
Lan', land.
Lane, lone, alone; *lanely*, lonely.
Lang, long.
Lang-kail, coleworts not shorn.
Langsome, tedious, longsome.
Lapstane, the stone a shoemaker holds on his knee or lap to beat leather upon.
Lave, the rest, the others.
Laverock, a lark.
Lawin, a reckoning.
Lea, pasture ground.
Lea', to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lear, learning.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Leeze-me! (leif-is-me!) dear is to me; a phrase of self-gratulation.
Leuch, *leugh*, did laugh.
Licht, a light; (adject.) light; (verb,) to light.
Lift, the sky.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing.
Lingel, shoemaker's thread.
Linn, a cataract; the pool under a cataract.
Lintie, a linnet.
Lo'e, to love.
Loof, (plural, *looves*,) the palm of the hand.
Loup, a leap; to leap.
Lowe, a flame; to burn.
Luik, a look; to look
Lug, the ear.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Luit, *loot*, did let.
Lum, a chimney; *lum-pig*, a chimney can.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

M

Mae, or *mair*, more.
Mailing, a farm.
Maist, most; *maistly*, mostly.
Mane, moan; to moan.
Maun, must.
Maun na', must not.
Mavis, a thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Maybe, perhaps.
Meikle, much.
Mennoun, a minnow.
Messan, a small dog.
Minnie, mother.
Mirk, dark.
Mirly-breasted, speckled on the breast.
Mischanter, *mishanter*, misfortune.
Mither, mother.

Mizzly, mizzled, having different colours.
Mole-ee't, mole-eyed.
Mony, many.
Mool, to crumble.
Mou', the mouth.
Muckle, much.
Munonday, Monday.

N

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not, any.
Naething, nothing.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale.
Neb, the nose, used ludicrously.
Ne'er-do-weel, one whose conduct gives reason to think that he will *never do well;* a scapegrace.
Neist, next.
Neuk, nook, corner.
Nocht, nothing.
Norland, belonging to the North.

O

O', of.
Ony, any.
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Owre, over, too.
Out-owre, over.

P

Pairtrick, paitrick, a partridge.
Pawky, cunning, sly.
Pease strae, pease-straw.
Pibrocharian, a player of *pibrochs,* or Highland airs, (a cant word.)
Plack, a small copper coin formerly current in Scotland, equal to the third of a penny sterling.
Plaid, an outer loose garment of striped and variegated cloth; *plaidie,* diminutive of *plaid,* a fondling term.
Planting, a wood.
Poortith, poverty.
Pouther, powder.
Pow, the head.
Pu', to pull.
Pund, a pound.

Q

Quaigh, a small and shallow drinking cup with two ears.
Quat, to quit, to desist.

R

Rae, a roe.
Rair, to roar, to proclaim.
Rant, to make merry.
Rantin', merry, cheerful, jovial.
Reave, to deprive.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Reestle, a blow, to beat.
Rin, to run.
Risp, to make a harsh sound.
Roguie, diminutive of rogue.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.

S

Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, sore.
Sang, a song.
Sape, soap.
Sark, a shirt.

Sauce, sauciness.
Sauch, the willow.
Saul, the soul.
Saw, to sow.
Sax, six.
Scart, to scratch.
Scaud, Scaul', a scald; to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Screed, to tear; *screed aff*, to do any thing quickly.
Scrimpit, scanty, deficient.
Scroggie, thorny, briery.
Scutle, to pour from one vessel to another; to cook.
Sey, to essay, to try.
Shantrews, a dance.
Shaw, a small wood in a hollow place.
Shieling, a hut, or shed.
Shortsyne, a short time since, lately.
Shouther, shoulder.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such kind of.
Sich, to sigh.
Sidelins, sidelong, indirectly.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin', since.
Skellat, a small bell.
Skelp, a stroke; to strike, to slap, to walk with a smart tripping step.
Skiff, to blow over.
Skinkle, to sparkle.
Sklent, slant, to look askance.
Slae, a sloe.
Slee, sly.
Slocken, to quench.
Sma', small.
Snaw, snow.
Snool, to submit tamely.
Sodger, a soldier.
Sonsy, good-humoured, plump, well-conditioned.
Soop, to sweep.
Sough, sugh, a rushing or whistling sound.
Souple, supple
Souter, a shoemaker.
Southron, an old name for an Englishman.
Sowdie, or *powsowdie*, sheep's-head broth: milk and meal boiled together.
Spankie, moving with quickness and elasticity.
Spawl, a limb.
Speat, or *spate*, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
Spiel, to climb.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spunkie, the will o' the wisp, or ignis fatuus.
Sta', did steal.
Stane, a stone.
Starn, a star.
Stey, steep.
Stirk, a bullock or heifer between one and two years old.
Stour, dust, more particularly dust in motion; battle, hardship, perilous situation.
Strae, straw.
Strand, a gutter.
Streek, to stretch.
Swither, irresolution in choice; to hesitate in choice.
Syne, since, ago, then.

T

Tae, toe.
Ta'en't, taken it.
Taigle, to detain.
Tak', to take.
Tane, the one.
Tap, top.
Tauld, told.
Tauted, or *tautie*, matted spoken of hair or wool.

Theek, to thatch.
Thegither, together.
Thir, these.
Thocht, or *thought*, a moment as respecting time, a small quantity.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thrawart, froward, perverse.
Thrum, to purr as a cat.
Timmer, timber; *to toom the timmer*, to empty the (wooden) drinking cup.
Tine, or *tyne*, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tither, the other.
Tocher, a marriage portion.
Toom, empty; to empty.
Tryst, an appointment to meet; to make such an appointment, to engage.
Tuik, took.
Twa, two.
Twal', twelve.

U

Unco, very, very great, strange, unknown, unusual.
Upo', upon.
Uppermaist, uppermost.
Usquebae, whisky.

V

Vera, very.
Vogie, vain.

W

Wa', a wall.
Wad, would; to bet; a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, wo; (adject.) sorrowful.
Waeful, woful.
Wae's me! waesucks! wo is me! alas!
Waff, shabby, worthless; to throw into the shade; to excel.
Wair, to lay out as expense.
Wallop, a quick motion with much agitation of the clothes, as in dancing.
Wame, the belly.
Wark, work.
Warld, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warsel, to wrestle, to strive.
Warst, worst.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot.
Waukrife, wakeful, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse.
Wean, a child.
Wearifu', causing pain or trouble.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Weel's me! (weel is me!) happy am I.
Weel-hain'd, well-saved.
Weir, war.
Westland, western.
Wha, who.
Whare, where.
Whiles, sometimes.
Whilk, which.
Wifie, diminutive of wife.
Wilyart, wild, shy, timid.
Wimple, to meander.
Win', wind.
Winna', will not.
Wizen, (English, weasand) the throat.
Wyse, to *wyse awa'*, to wheedle, to entice.

Y

Ye, a pronoun frequently used for *thou*.

Year, is used both for singular and plural.
Yeldrin, a yellow-hammer.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yocket, yocked.
Yont, beyond.
Yowl, to howl.

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
FULLARTON AND MACNAB, PRINTERS, LEITH WALK.

PR 5548
.T5
1853
Copy 1